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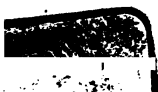


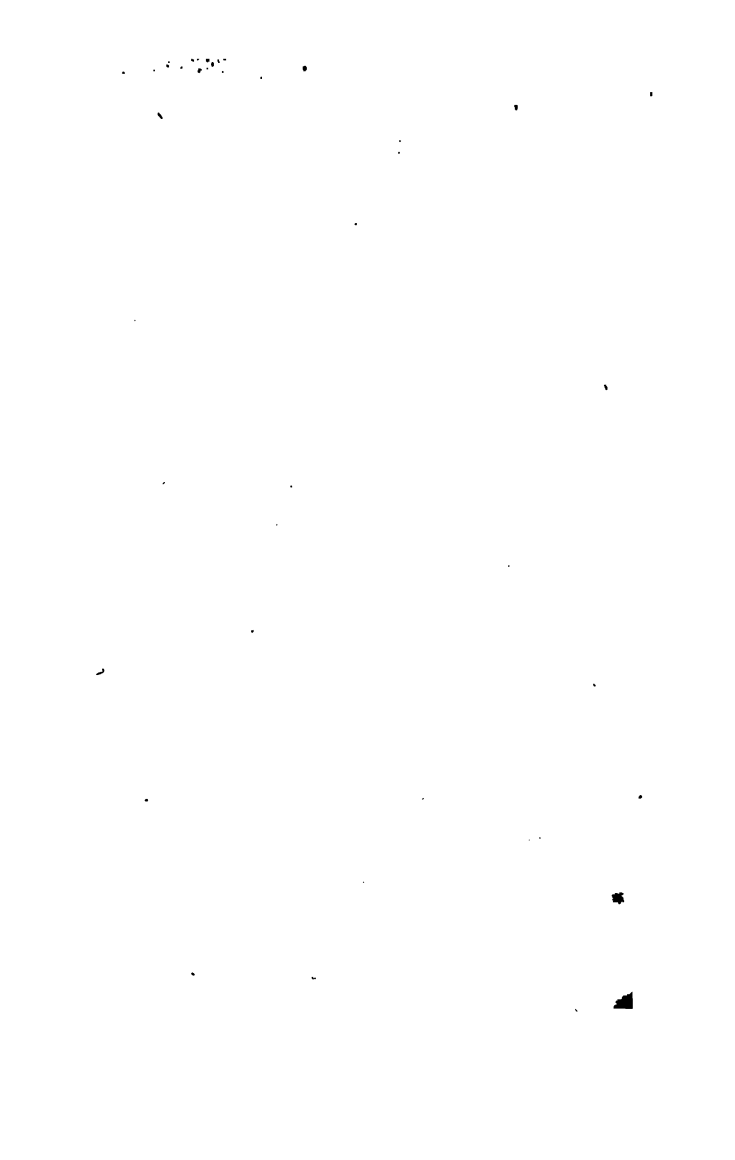
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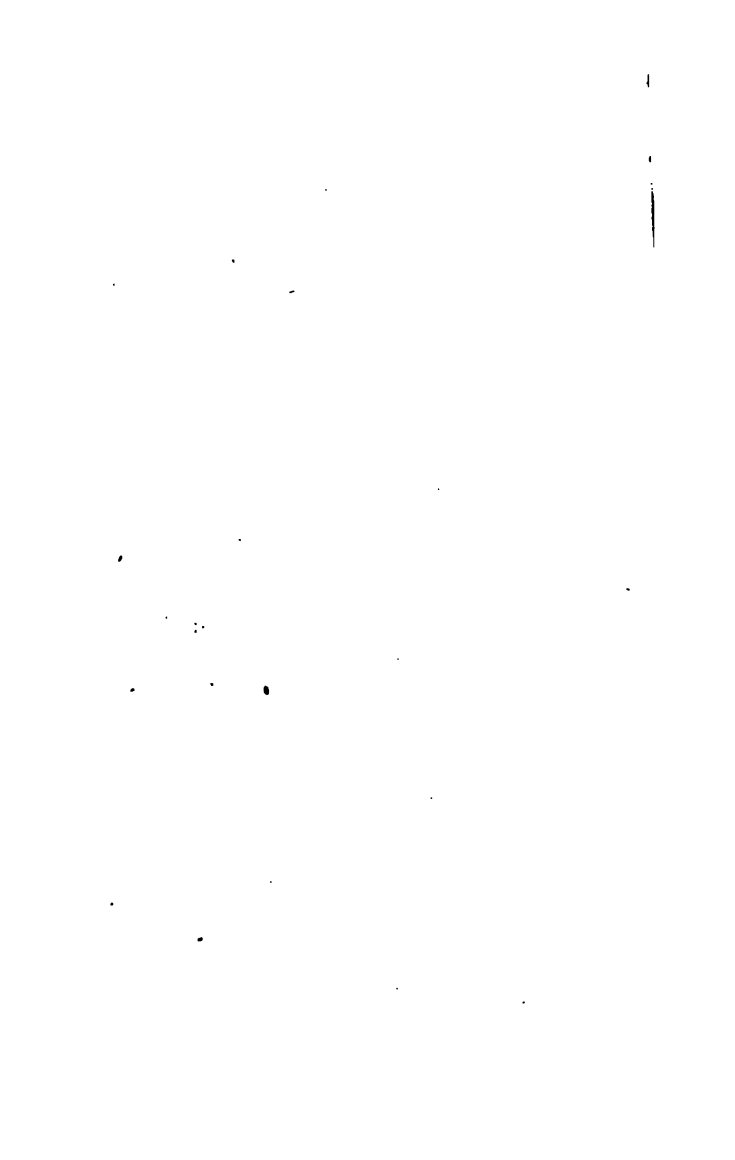




MEDITATIONS,

ON SOME OF THE NAMES

AND COVENANT CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.



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MEDITATIONS,

**ON SOME OF THE NAMES
AND COVENANT CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.**

IN EIGHTEEN POEMS.

By MRS. HEWITT.

"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."

SOLOMON.

"Christ is all and in all."

PAUL.

LONDON :

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CHRISTIAN READER,

WITH much humility, I offer for your perusal the substance of the accompanying pages, from a conviction that the Name of Jesus is as ointment poured forth diffusing, wherever it is introduced, the sweetest perfume, and continuing a never-dying odour to the soul whose bliss it is to become partaker of its life-giving power. Truly He is the mighty fortress into which the righteous run and are safe, and in whose protection they experience abundant security and eternal peace.

These having been the precious effects of his grace upon my own heart, in the midst of human convulsions and the transitions of creature things, I hesitate not to suppose Him to be of equal value to others. With *which idea, I leave to his disposal the simple meditations of my heart upon his lovely characters, beseech*

ii.

him to pour upon your soul, my fellow traveller, his mighty grace in rich abundance, which alone can sweeten the bitter draught of life, and support the soul under the sorrows of a time-state. And earnestly praying that his blessing may rest manifestatively upon his heritage below, I beg to subscribe myself, most affectionately,

Your's and their's,

In his name, and for his sake,

E. C. H.

SPRING COTTAGE,

Aug. 30, 1830.

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I.

The Rock of Ages.

“ And that Rock was Christ.”—1 Cor. xi. 4.

SAY, famed Socinus, skilled in reason's school,
Whose awful insolence and impious rage
Dares to oppose the word, and spurn the grace
Of Him whose holy name fills heav'n with praise ;
Or wiser Arius, in thine own conceit
With pride and arrogance puffed up, and full,
Whose poisonous doctrines like to blighting winds,
Bear in their every breeze ten thousand eggs
Of fruit-destroying vermin :—prithee, say,
If dint of reason in her noblest form,
Could ever yet by searching find out God ?
Is He, whom man can ne'er behold and live,
The fullest ray from whose majestic eye
Would strike the highest cherubims above
With certain death, to be examined by the dark'ned sigh
Of paltry ignorance, while holy angels learn
By constant watchfulness his wond'rous name,
Yet ne'er can tell how great, how excellent,
Or how immense is He who spoke them

Into being first ? Will ye, then, poor blind worms,
Ye puny fighters 'gainst so great a Lord, because
His power has form'd you with a reas'ning mind,
And faculties bestow'd to raise you far above
The brute creation—dare affront his power
And boast an equal knowledge with your God ?
Shall he who likens e'en the nations, all
To simple dust upon a balance hung,
Whose insignificant and trifling weight
In his Almighty eye, can never move,
Or cause to move in one iota his divine decree ?—
Shall HE, poor worm, submit to thy disdain,
And bear inflexible thy folly still,
While ye pretend with persevering skill
To probe and fathom all his wond'rous ways ?
But know the truth, no human pow'rs can reach
The height immense of majesty and grace,
Or scan the infinite eternal source
Of all-creating and supporting might :
Yet mortal worms by favour saved and free,
The rich recipients of his sovereign grace,
Partakers of his free unchanging love,
And equal heirs with God's co-equal Son,
Know more of him than all the hosts of heaven.
These share his heart, and basking in his smile,
Enjoy a sweet and enviable bliss,
While he reveals his secrets to their hearts.
Had ye, then, bold revilers of his name,



THE ROCK OF AGES.

Been favour'd thus to look within the veil,
To see his glories in meridian blaze,
Ye ne'er had likened him to paltry rush,
Or taper twilight, but had boldly owned
His royal grandeur and his sterling worth ;
He is Jehovah in a covenant form,
A Rock of firmest root—for very God
And very man compose one glorious Christ.
Was he who bears upon his shoulder firm
The pond'rous weight of all created things
An Arian's Christ?—methinks the sinking church,
Whose mighty load of aggravated sins
Requir'd God's almighty power to bear
The weight and burden, might despairing die.
But lo ! salvation here in our Redeemer dwells,
Who is the Rock of endless ages sure,
On which foundation, free from fear of fall,
The chosen church triumphantly remains ;
Nor shall the power of hell itself prevail
Against so strong, so durable a Rock.
The murd'rous legions ranked in angry pride
At him, while here below their malice hurl'd ;
Infernal hosts, with all malignant spite,
Exerted to their utmost stretch of power,
Their skill to overturn this mighty Rock.
But he, as Surety for his fallen bride,
Stood firm, and proved by evidences clear
That he was great Jehovah, though a man !

Here, then, ye ransomed, boast a basis firm,
On which for ever plant thy hopes of heaven,
Nor fear that this foundation can remove,
Since it is God in whom thy life is hid :
And this dear eminence, Jehovah's pride,
Can never fail, but must for ever last.
On it erected stands in lovely state
That holy building, framed and formed for God,
Whose every stone with matchless prowess hewn,
Fitted and squared by God the Spirit's hand,
Is aptly suited to display his love ;
And safe abides in spite of sin and death,
Though fiends in anger vent their sharpest spite,
And pour their arrows to destroy the whole—
Here fixed they stand, while angry tempests rage,
And foaming beat with violence and spleen
Against their souls ; the swelling surges rise,
And washing o'er their heads would fain destroy ;
But his divine command who gives the sea
Its proper boundary, preserves them still.
Here build your dwelling, then, ye timid sheep
Of Zion's fold, and sing, for who can move
His dwelling-place, whose house is formed
With strong foundation fast'ned on a rock.
Here great Jehovah builds, and one by one
Brings home his stones from regions far, to be
Infix'd in one imperial crown of grace
With that rich gem whose hue exceeds them all—

The lovely brilliant pearl of richest price.
This wond'rous Christ it is, who stands confess
The mighty quarry whence the living stones
Of God's eternal choice and saving love
Are by the master builder's prowess hewn.
The everlasting Father he, of all
That highly-favoured train, the chosen race—
From him they spring, their spiritual head ;
In him they live and move, on him they hang
For strength and safety, nourishment and grace.
He, sacred source of never-ending love !
Supplies their every need, and like the rocks
In Canaan's land, where bees resided,
Yields delicious honey to the fainting soul,
Who eats the luscious fare, and eating, lives.
Here, then, my soul, admire the work of love !
Which meets thy every need, and well provides
A sure foundation for thy sinking soul.
But marvel most at that display of grace
That cleft the Rock, to bring a stream to cheer
Thy drooping spirit in this vale of tears.
The smitten rock in Horeb shadowed forth,
In lively type, the mystery of grace
That richly dwells in Jesu's fragrant name :
He for his chosen, smitten by the law,
Became a curse for guilty rebel man,
And opens in his bleeding gaping wounds
A safe retreat from every charge and blame :

His veins a precious fountain richly filled
Of costly blood to slake the thirsty soul,
Whose crimson guilt had scorched his every hope,
And left him famishing and helpless still.
Here, too, refreshing streams of love and grace,
Like crystal waters—ever bright and pure,
In rich abundance flow, by him supplied,
Our ocean-fulness of redeeming love :
Poor fainting souls, who through the cheerless road
Of this polluted wilderness pursue
Their toilsome journey, stop to taste the rills
Which by his power he opens on the way ;
They, tasting, fly with eager haste to him,
Whence such divine and cheering sweetness flows,
And find a never-ending source of bliss.
In this dear Rock securely let me hide,
Here let me shelter, while my fleeting days
Pass on, and bring me to my wished-for home.
Here, Oh ye wretched, come, and entering in,
Enjoy in safety all the sweets of love !
To this Almighty Shelter, while the sun
With noontide fervour sheds his hottest ray,
Ye fainting souls, who on the earth can find
No shade impervious, where the burning beam
Cannot disturb thee by its furnace heat,
Here haste ye, and at once enjoy
The sweetest rest and richest source of peace.
Let tempests howl, and vivid lightnings flash,

Let thunders roar, and all creation shake,
Yet shalt thou never fear in this retreat,
The strange convulsion, or with dire alarm
Regard the voices of such creature things,
Since thou canst claim their sovereign
Lord and King as thy sweet refuge from
The pelting torrent and the mighty storm !
To this dear Rock, ye timid frightened sheep,
When driven hard by Satan or by sin,
Haste ye ; and since 'twas cleft alone for you,
Run boldly in and find eternal peace !
No mighty foe, how strong so'er he be,
Can cheat thee of thy shielding fortress,
Or false accuser rob thee of thy Lord :
His eye omniscient oversees at once
All human artifice, Satanic fraud,
And creature frailty ; yet with sovereign grace
He bids the sick, the sorrowful, and poor,
The blind, the lame, the impotent, and vile,
To come and shelter in this royal cave,
This tow'r of strength, and he will be their King.
This Son of David, this Almighty Lord,
Saves even rebels, and with love provides
For all their wants ; he'll condescend to own
The meanest saints as his beloved friends.
O strange extreme of sov'reign saving love !
Stupendous marvel of eternal grace !
Fly thou, my soul, with ecstasy and haste,

Cast earth with all its baubles from thine heart,
And entering in by faith, adoring cry,
While thou partakest of his sovereign love,
Who is a refuge like Jehovah's Christ !
Here on a sure foundation build thy hope,
And on this grand munition of eternal Rocks,
Beyond the reach of harm, erect thy fortress ;
This battlement, impenetrably firm,
Shall save thy city from assaulting foes.
While fiery darts fly thick, and din of war
Affrights thy spirit, to thy strong hold turn,
And here secure from every fear and fiend,
Behold the uproar, and adore thy Shield,
Till time with all its cares shall cease to be ;
Then rise and reign with him who here below
Taught thee by grace to know his mighty worth—
The Rock of Ages, and Jehovah's Christ !

II.

Christ compared to the Apple-Tree.

"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons."—Cant. ii. 3.

OH ! wond'rous Lord, thy great majestic name
Requires all nature's excellence to shew,
And that but faintly, thine Almighty love ;
Incomparable grandeur, boundless grace,
Unfading beauty, and enduring strength,
Dwell plenteously in Him whose unctuous name
Drops soul-reviving and restoring balm !
Each precious feature in his lovely face,
With heav'nly friendship sov'reignly illumed,
Displays the mighty wonders of his love :
Each name significantly chosen tells
Some tale of love to cheer his feeble church ;
He, tender husband of the worst of wives,
Forgets her sins, and when her crimes she owns,
Dries up her tears, and points her to his love :
She through the desert led by his dear hand,
Surmounts her every sorrow—through his grace
Survives the scorpion sting, and lives to prove
How high and mighty is her wond'rous Lord.
Oh ! sound his praise, ye minstrels of his love,
Ye ransom'd sinners made to feel his grace,
Yet ne'er expect to know his mighty worth.

For endless ages spent to tell of Him
 Shall leave a never-failing sea of love
 Which ever springing shall be ever full :
 Nor shall the num'rous hosts from thence supplied
 Diminish in the most minute degree
 Th' exhaustless source of never-ending praise !
 Here, Oh my soul, a rich repast behold,
 A satisfying banquet made for thee,
 Where thou may'st feast upon the richest fare,
 Yet still enjoy from cloy and surfeit free
 More costly dainties than the eastern world
 With all its luxury could e'er produce :
 There in abundance gems and richest gold
 Our great Jehovah strews with liberal hand ;
 Luxuriant plants and spices growing fill
 With odoriferous delicious sweets
 The passing breeze, while stately cedars
 Tow'ring to the skies, vie with each other in majestic size
 And speak in nature's accents their Creator's praise.
 Here favour'd spot with richest verdure crown'd,
 The princely monarch of the neighbouring wood,
 Whose cooling shade affords a sweet retreat
 From summer's scorching ray—the lovely
 Apple-tree in grandeur grows ;
 Its stately bough o'ertops the loftiest height
 Of each aspiring rival of the plain, and shews
In its unequall'd beauty, scent, and worth,
Another type, another cov'nant name

Of our Immanuel.—In the scheme of grace
 This lovely plant with life and verdure crown'd,
 Exhibits every season to the eye,
 New springing buds with blossoms just unwhapp'd
 Adorn one bough, while lo ! another bends
 With rich abundance of the ripest fruit :
 Anon the eye perceives on yonder spray,
 Some foliage fair with apples yet unripe,
 But coming forth to take the place of those
 Whose mellow pulp and sweet-refreshing juice
 Shall quickly yield some thirsty soul a treat,
 As faint he wanders on his lonely way ;
 Yet drawn by aromatic sweets, he turns
 His seeking eye, and hastes him to the prize.
 Oh ! sweet refreshment 'neath an eastern sun,
 To find a shadowy shelter from its ray !
 Yea, more—to bask in pleasure in the midst
 Of rich perfumes, and feast on cheering fruit !
 None but the weary trav'ler fully feels,
 Or can appreciate in a perfect sense,
 The dear delights of nourishment and rest,
 But he whose blistered feet and fainting soul
 Have felt the need of such a shelt'ring bough,
 To save his life and help him on his way,
 Will join to praise the Maker of the shade.
 The poor asthmatic mortal sore distress'd,
 And labouring hard to breathe, with eager haste
Speeds if his feeble health will let him go,

In him divinely dwells endearing charms,
 Immortal excellence, and beauty's self;
 He is the fairest of the sweetest fair—
 And, as the apple-tree in Zion's field,
 Affords a never-ending cause for praise.
 Oh! is he not, ye daughters of his grace,
 The veriest beauty of the verdant mead?
 Hath he not never-ending charms for love?
 For every moment proves his saving pow'r.
 With richest verdure all the seasons crown'd,
 He feels no change, but in majestic forms
 Displays to each admirer of his love
 All the rich leaves and budding blossoms too,
 With full ripe fruits, and those for coming need
 Of God's eternal sovereign grace to man;
 Each cov'nant blessing on his fruitful bough
 In full perfection hangs for needy souls;
 No fear of taking more than he can spare,
 Or leaving none to grace the royal tree:
 For he is ever laden with his fragrant load,
 Nor can the feasting myriads waste his store,
 Which, as the oil to every vessel poured,
 Ran in a copious stream in days of old,
 Nor ceased to run till all were filled to brim,
 Shall ever spring, and faster too than they
 Can pluck with eager hand the growing bliss.
The opening blossoms of redeeming love,
The odorous spices of reviving grace,

The rich balsamic of his pardoning power,
 Perfume the air, and every moving breeze
 Bears on its wings the soul-reviving balm.
 The weary sinner draws the fragrant gale,
 And eager cries, from whence this cooling breeze ?
 Methinks salvation must be somewhere near,
 For I am raised by that delicious smell
 To search for something I have never found.
 The soul who oft has felt the cheering pow'r,
 And knows full well where rich abundance dwells,
 Points the poor seeker to a safe retreat
 Beneath the spreading banner of his grace,
 And bids him find his resting-place and food,
 His drink and medicine, yea, his all in him.
 Here thou mayest truly prove, ye burdened souls,
 Ye weary travellers in this desert land,
 Where nauseous vermin and destroying beasts
 Infest thy pathway and beset thy feet,
 A sure protection from thine every foe ;
 While from his bough thou canst with ease obtain
 A rich refreshment from his costly fruit.
 Each branch and tenderest bough of this dear tree
 Supplies the hungry with supporting food,
 And richly laden with the fruits of love,
 Bends with the weight and leans upon the earth.
 Oh mighty stoop ! Oh pledge of tender love !
Sweet condescension in the King of kings,
To come and prove his saving grace to be

Exactly suitable to feeble man.
 The guilty mortal could not reach to heaven,
 But dragged by sin inhabits only earth,
 Till Jesus brings his bough of saving love
 And bids him taste the sweetness of his fruit,
 Confide in him, and find beneath his shade
 A bed of sweetest rest, and calm repose.
 The care-worn sinner, oft before refreshed,
 Remembering past delights and joys gone by,
 Upbraids the folly of his wand'ring heart,
 Which led him to forsake his dear delights,
 And turns again to lean in peace and ease,
 Free from distress, on Jesu's work of love.
 The pelting storm of angry winter here,
 Finds no admittance to the sheltered soul ;
 Descending torrents, and o'erwhelming floods,
 Alike distressing to the friendless mind,
 Can gain no entrance to this safe retreat.
 Here in an ecstasy of pure delight,
 The feeblest lamb in all the Saviour's fold,
 May lay and watch, in sweet concealment's rest,
 The woes and sorrows—and from dangers free,
 Exult in this retreat, while feasting too
 On pardoning love, and sovereign reigning grace,
 It may abide, and be for ever full.
 No scorching beam of sore temptation's fire,
 Whose heat can parch the troubled soul to death,
And burn with furious rage the feeble heart,

Can find admittance to this sure retreat.
 Here run, ye thirsty, famished, from its heat,
 And snatch with eagerness the cooling gift
 Of our Immanuel's rich supporting grace.
 Oh ! art thou needy, and exceeding poor ?
 If so, behold a rich abundant source
 Of satisfying viands and the richest wine.
 Art thou distressed, and ready too to die
 For lack of breath—the vital breath of prayer ?
 Say, hast thou through thy desert way been seized
 By some distressing whirlwind, and survived ?
 Yet still debilitated by the sad effects
 Of ~~sandy~~ whirlwinds in an eastern plain,
 Thou canst not breathe but with asthmatic sigh—
 And labouring hard to save thy parting breath,
 Can only groan out just a wish for life ?
 Oh ! if thou hast, to this dear tree repair,
 Eat of its fruit, its soul-reviving fruit,
 And thou shalt quickly breathe from asthma free.
 These apples only can restore thy breath,
 And quickly healing all the sad effects
 Of sin's o'erwhelming agonies, secure
 The soul's new vigour and thy heart's delight.
 If bitten too by serpents in thy way,
 As mostly proves the Zion's pilgrim's fare,
 And toss'd with anguish from a burning wound,
 Thy spirit loathes ~~thy~~ necessary food,
 And plunged in ~~was~~'s dark gulf, in sorrow cries,

Oh! haste to him, who clad in gospel grace,
 The mighty tree, whose leaves and fruit can heal
 All thy diseases, and effect a cure
 For every serpent's most envenomed bite.
 He stands divinely clad with every grace,
 To furnish mourners with reviving life,
 And sheds rich odours of the sweetest smell
 Throughout the mighty forests of his love.
 Oh! speed thy way, then, all ye sin-sick host,
 Ye worst of rebels, whom the stench of guilt
 Hath so defiled, and filled with horrors too,
 That ye can find no human aid to serve
 Thy broken spirits with a calm retreat,
 Here enter in ; and, like creation's Lord,
 Cease from thy labours, and enjoy a rest,
 A pure sabbatic—everlasting peace.
 Fear not the howling of malicious fiends,
 Who with terrific yell would fain alarm
 Thy feeble heart ; but leave in his dear hand
 Th' immortal int'rest of thy valued soul.
 He, as thy precious apple-tree of grace,
 With covenant beauty bending o'er thy soul,
 Shall shield thee from the malice of thy foes ;
 While thou shalt boast in this divine recluse,
 A certain shelter from the shaft of death ;
 And climb from time's disturbed uneasy state,
 From tribulation and distresses free,
Its topmost bough, which is eternal bliss.

III.

The Christian's High Priest.

**"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly c
consider the High Priest of our profession."—Heb. ii**

**OH Holy Spirit ! heavenly Lord of life !
Whose quick'ning influence new creates the soul,
And fills the pow'rs with ecstasy and love ;
Descend with mighty majesty of grace,
And seize my every thought—unveil the beauties
Of the glorious Christ, of whom
Thou dost with heavenly ardour testify,
And soaring, bear my sleepy sluggish mind
Above its own contracted sphere of things.
Oh ! sweet Revealer of Immanuel's worth,
Unfold his sympathizing lovely name,
And bear thy witness to my longing heart,
That I, polluted, guilty, wretched as I am,
Have (Oh ! enrapturing thought)
A pleading, reigning, ever-living Friend !
But ancient Jews possessed a priest of old,
Who felt their sorrows, and removed their griefs.
*What need there then a better priest than he,***

Who could from choice of great Jehovah's own,
Approach him face to face ?
What constituted Aaron fit to fill the post,
The awful place of mouth for God the Lord ?
Was he by nature more than those for whom
He slew the bullock, or the tender lamb ?
Oh no ! he, like his brethren, needed hourly blood ;—
Yes, blood more costly than the blood of bulls,
Which never, never, could remove a sin.
He, guilty mortal, offered for every day
The sin-atonement victim, and implored
Jehovah's mercy for himself, ere he
Could dare be found for other souls to plead.
He plainly proved, by divers washings too,
His service only shadow, and defiled—
Yet, pointing with a sure and certain ray
To Him who ever lives a reigning Priest.
Jehovah's choice, anointing grace and love
Alone it was which made an Aaron priest,
And constituted him above the rest.
The rich anointing oil by God prepared,
Ran in a copious stream from off his head,
And made his garments holy—as himself
Was made by separating sanctifying grace.
Here he pourtrayed, in lively lovely lines,
The Church's Head—her great Melchisedec,
Who deigns that he may straight become
Her great High Priest, and save her from her sins,

To take her very feeble humble form.
Oh mighty stoop ! Oh vast profound of grace !
What glorious cause for never-ending praise !
The mighty God, whose very finger formed
The heavens and earth, descends and dwells in clay !
He, like his type, anointed for the work,
Becomes by God the Father's choice and grace
A priest for ever to the house of God !
He, by the Holy Spirit set apart, and blest
With grace immeasurably fill'd for all his race,
Becomes their sanctifying and their saving Head.
In Aaron's robes, prepared by God's command,
And wrought with curious workmanship and skill
Of various hues, and interspersed with gold,
The spiritual priesthood view this Antitype,
Whose priestly garments far surpass them all.
Enrob'd in love, and sanctity, and grace ;
His lovely dress emitted sweet perfumes—
His spotless purity, a savour sweet,
Rose like an incense column to the skies,
And made his heavenly Father, great Jehovah, cry,—
“ Behold my Son ! in him I am well pleased ! ”
On Aaron's breast, engraved with curious art,
Hung all the names of Israel's chosen race ;
This sweet memorial of redeeming love,
Whenever he appeared before the Lord,
Fixed on his shoulders, entered with him too.
But our Beloved, in a nobler form,

Wears on his *heart*, deep graven by his love,
The names of all his saved and chosen tribes :
He ever views with sympathetic love
The meanest name, and points with ready zeal
To this sure barrier to accusing crime ;
And, as our sin-atonng Priest, declares
No cause for condemnation now remains,
Since he by his one offering hath indeed
Perfected for ever every chosen son.
On his dear forehead plainly to be seen
This sacred motto, " Holy to the Lord !"
In august majesty adorned his brow,
While he, contending with the pow'rs of hell,
In feeble flesh, obtained the conqueror's prize,
And hurled the infernal host with headlong haste
Back to the foaming gulph of black despair !
Did Aaron then in lively features shew
That anti-typical and glorious Lord—
That mighty, self-existent cov'nant Priest,
Who lives above the reach of sin and blame,
In whose mysterious person are combined
At once the altar, offering, and Priest ?
Was he arrayed in consecrated robes,
The shadow of a better yet to come ?
Oh yes ! with ecstasy and joy profound
Exulting, shout, ye household of the just,
He was—for lo our eyes behold
In our Immanuel tenfold beauties more

Than all the Jewish ritual pourtrayed.
Our dear Melchisedec, Jehovah's Son,
One with himself, and in his nature God,
Receiv'd the office of Jehovah's Priest,
With grace immeasurable to make him meet.
In him mysteriously his chosen church
Partake the influence, and assist the praise :
One royal priesthood, they together reign,
Together worship, and together rise—
Inseparable from eternity they still remain.
To all eternity one chosen church,
He their redeeming Head and sovereign Lord,
Their best beloved and their living Priest :
They the recipients of his cov'nant love,
And trophies of his free and sovereign grace.
Their numerous sorrows in this vale of tears,
Their grief and heart-affecting care he meets,
Dries up their streaming eyes with tenderest love,
And feels most keenly every rising sigh.
Oh ! sweetest favour, richest gift of heaven !
Soul-cheering balsam to the wounded heart !
Sweet sympathy ! Say, Oh ! ye wretched, can ye
Boast a friend whose heaving heart
Responsive to thy sigh, endures with thee
The bursting tempest of corroding care !
Oh ! if ye can, rejoice in every state—
For though thy sorrows like the mountains rise,
And deep distress pervades thy inmost soul,

Yet Oh ! rejoice, for thou art not alone
While thou canst boast a fellow-feeling friend,
Whose kind attention smoothes the ruffled surge,
Which foaming beats against thy feeble bark.
But if an earthly soother of thy burdened mind
Be found so dear, invaluable dear,
Who shall with equal ardour fully tell
The mighty love, the sympathetic grace,
The tender bowels, and the heaving breast
Of our Immanuel—our atoning Friend !
He, that he might become indeed a Priest,
A great High Priest, to sympathize and feel
The mighty burdens of the royal seed,
Comes down and dwells, as they do on the earth,
Yields his immaculate and spotless soul
To bear their twice ten thousand aggravated
Sins in his own body on the murd'rous tree.
What wond'rous grace ! Oh ! highest stretch of love,
To be just that which his omniscient eye
Beheld his brethren suffering, weak and poor ;
A man of deepest sorrows he became,
And poignant grief his portion day by day :
A straw-filled manger, with the horned beasts,
The presence chamber of the King of kings !
He whose command could turn a world to death,
Whose awful name the heavenly hosts adore,
Before whose feet adoring angels wait,
Whose word fills heaven with never-ending praise ;

Yet, this Almighty lover of his church—
This sovereign Ruler of assembled worlds,
Endures the daring insolence and scorn
Of wretched sinners and despising fools.
He in a stable sojourn'd—while his pow'r,
His gracious providence and love extreme,
Upheld at that same moment by his word
Creation's myriads for his future praise !
Say, Oh ! ye suffering poor, who love his name,
Can ye be more despised, distressed, and vexed
By carping sinners than thy tender Lord ?
Oh no ! he bore thy sins, with all thy griefs—
He took the curse of law, the sting of death,
And sheathed them in his heart, while ye
At most endure but shadows of distress.
His every moment here on earth portrays
The woes he carried in his patient breast :
Distressing want the lovely Saviour knew,
With all the bitter pinchings of distress.
The little birds who feed on nature's stores,
Who boast no riches, but are paupers all
From day to day, receiving just a crumb
To keep their little lives from sure decay ;
These little pensioners, the sufferer cries,
Are better off than is the Son of God.
These have a nest where peace and ease is found,
But God's own Son can boast no spot on earth
Where he can lay his care-worn head to rest.

The hunted fox can find a hole to hide,
Where the fell huntsman cannot base intrude;
But Jesus knew no moment of repose,
And found no corner where the eye of law,
His furious huntsman, did not quick pursue.
His precious brow where awful grandeur shone,
By sorrow bent—his face by misery marred,
Displayed the struggles which his heart endured.
Insulting mortals, with affronting rage,
Poured on him all their ignominious scorn,
And tried his patience with provoking spite.
But he, remembering 'twas a work of love,
Forbore to chide them—so he held his peace.
His heavenly Father was his only rock :—
Here on a basis firm he safely stood,
And wrestling hard with sin, and earth, and hell,
Vanquished them all, and broke the power of sin.
Prayer, fervent prayer, with agonizing groans,
Each midnight hour became his constant task :
No friend he found but him, whose pow'r he knew
Could help his flesh to bear the pondrous load :
He trod the wine-press by himself alone,
While mortals aided, with malicious spite,
The hosts of hell to fill his soul with grief;
Temptation's fire, with fiercest hottest rage,
Kindled and fed by Beelzebub himself,
Whose highest hope and every moment's aim,
Was to destroy this holy second Man.

But he was matched with all his impious skill,
Yea, doubly foiled—for lo the very means
His art employs to extirpate his name,
Extends it far and wide ; while by the blow
His own vile head received, he headlong fell
No more to rise—a truly conquered foe.
How keen the edge of sore affliction's blade
The humbled monarch knew from frequent smart ;
He wept, and mourned—he agonized, and bled—
Yet murmured not, nor felt his love grow cold.
With constant zeal, as with a garment clad,
One certain aim through all his actions ran,
That sov'reign, uncontroll'd, and gracious work—
His highest honour was to shew his love,
Which, like a mighty fountain ever full,
Supplied from Deity's exhaustless source,
Still rises higher, as the thirsty soul
Needs and receives its dear delicious stream.
Oh ! precious Lord, thy priestly garments shew
How dear their cost—how excellent their kind.
Were Aaron's robes with cunning art entwin'd
Of all the colours which the east could boast,
That they might faintly figure forth my Lord's ?
But our High Priest with majesty and grace,
Wrought out his own rich dress of saving love,
And with the mightiest skill engraved
On every thread, Jehovah's holy name !
Then, why despairing weep, ye fav' red saints ?

Why hang your heads, because the sons of earth
Are lost more of sordid dust and paltry gold ?
Do cease to weep, for know indeed the truth,
That great Immanuel, the creation's Lord,
The mighty God, the Prince of rest and peace
Has alt'ed lives—and lives indeed for you !
How ancient Jews rejoic'd, methinks to know,
Of all their sorrows, sins, and daring crimes,
That God's High Priest remain'd to offer blood—
That he as great Jehovah's servant stood
The middle man between the sinning soul
And his offended Lord.—He held the law,
The mind and will of him, whose high command
Each Israelite regarded and obeyed :
To him they looked for wisdom to direct
Their feeble feet in all th' intricate maze
Of Jewish worship in the days of old.
Each ceremonial law set forth in shade
That mighty substance, whose majestic worth
Exceeded ten thousand miniatures to shew
A faint resemblance of the glorious whole !
The youthful saint who scarcely saw the way,
To find amidst the misty hazy round
The sacrificial service, gospel grace—
With a confidence in God's high priest,
That aptly shadow'd forth the new-born soul's
Faith in *Jehovah Jesus*—quickly brings
A simple offering, and asks of him

Whose office 'tis to point the soul to heav'n.
No jealous fear perplexed the ancient Jew
Lest Aaron should deceive him, or direct
His lost enquirer to a heathen's God :
But Aaron, though entrusted with the law,
And bidden too by God himself to curse
As well as bless—was but a creature still.
'Tis Jesus only can in fullest form
Fulfil the priestly office of the church—
He only knows his Father's heav'nly will—
He too discerns the thoughts of every heart ;
To him belongs all mighty wisdom, grace,
And sovereign rule.—He in the pulpit
Daily, hourly stands, gives out to each
Officiating junior priest such rich supplies
Of truth and saving power, as will
Most sweetly suit his needy brethren's case.
Here with extended arms and melting heart,
He calls his poor, dejected, sorrowing friends,
Dries up their tears, and bids them look to him.
' I,' says the lovely preacher, ' feel thy every care !
Behold in me the certain way to God—
A living way, by sovereign wisdom plann'd,
By love concerted, and by grace complete,
Where no destroyer can be found to pass :
Here thou may'st walk in midnight,
Or at eve, when twilight's sober ray
Scarce light affords, and distant prospects seem

For lack of clearer vision just obscure :
Here, fainting soul, when scorching noontide's heat
Burns up thy spirit with temptation's fire,
Here thou shalt find the cool refreshing stream
Of glorious gospel grace and covenant love,
The crystal river, which for ever cheers
The glorious city of the King of kings—
Here, my beloved, in this narrow way,
Though passing through a numerous host of foes,
Thou shalt be safe—for I, thy shielding friend,
Thy constant guide, have been the road before,
And levell'd all the mountains, raised the vales,
Which thy poor feeble feet could ne'er have pass'd.
And now though devils rage to see thee safe,
Yet I remain to plead before the throne
Thy sure and certain durance to the end.
Oh ! weep not o'er thy weak and helpless case !
Oh ! cease to open all my wounds afresh—for, know
In me thou hast an Advocate with God,
Whose prayers continually poured for thee,
Like costly incense rise before the throne,
A savour sweet of rich atoning love,
And prove thy pardon manifest and sure.''
Here in this heavenly Canaan richly grows
Each luscious fruit, and each balsamic plant ;
Here, too, abounds delicious wine and milk,
All necessary food for youth and age :
Here Gilead's balm in Jesu's tender hand,

Heals all diseases, and restores the soul :
Here spring spontaneous in the blooming meads,
All beauteous flowers and trees immortal,
Clad with healing fruitage, grace
The rich domain.—Here springs the water
Of eternal life ; of which if any drink,
It shall be in his soul a rising well,
Bubbling and springing up to endless day.
Here, too, behold the great High Priest declares,
With looks of gracious tenderness divine,
For ever dwells in his all-gracious heart,
As in a mighty magazine of love,
Grace, rich abundant grace for every need :
No crimes too black—no mortal too depraved—
No woes too great—no misery too immense
For his compassionating power to move !
He brings no curse, but in his gospel robes,
As God's officiating priest, proclaims
The shadows past—himself the mighty end
Of all the round of sacrificial works.
The guilty Israelite to him repairs,
Obtains instruction for his future path,
Yet hears no curse from Jesu's gracious lips ;
But words of grace and condescension cheer
The drooping suppliant, while the Saviour
Bending, clasps him to his heart, the dear
Bought jewel of his fondest thought—
Points the poor trembler to his wounded side,

And bids him sheath his sorrows in his heart !
Here, then, ye burden'd with oppressive guilt,
Whose streaming eyes pourtray the solemn fact,
Thou mayest receive from wisdom's fountain source,
The secret of Jehovah's way to save.
Before the altar stands the Jewish priest,
Receiving from the hands of all the tribes
Their daily offering, which with strictest search
He overlooks ; each hair examines, and
If free from blemish, as by God decreed,
To figure forth the holy Lamb of God,
He seals, and offers it to him for sin.
No refuse of the flock, no blemished beast
Could be receiv'd by Aaron for the work,
Or point to him who was without a spot.
With various rites, and ceremonial laws,
With numerous washings and attendant fear,
The priest performs the sacred solemn work
Of mediation between God and man :
No matter who, or rich, or poor, or wise—
All men alike must come to God by blood :
For poor polluted man since Adam fell,
Could never dare approach Jehovah's throne,
But through the sin-atonement victim's streaming gore,
Which to the Jewish worshippers of old
Prefigur'd Him, who offered up himself.
Behold then, Oh ! ye sinners, deep in crimes,
Whose crimson guilt exceeds your utmost thought !

Ye wretched Magdalenes ! ye murd'rous Sauls !
Ye guilty Peters, and Manassehs vile !
Lift up your heads, and join the heavenly choir,
To sing the merits of Immanuel's name !
He at the altar stands, and shews his wounds,
The deep cut furrows in his hands and side—
Points to the full atonement he has made,
And bids his mourners take a full discharge.
Hard by him stands the precious fountain filled
With rich atoning sacrificial blood—
His gracious heart the ocean whence it flowed
A copious stream, a springing bath of grace.
He takes the balmy blessing and bedews
The aching heart, while with a smiling look
Of tenderest love and grace, he sweetly cries,
' Peace, troubled soul ! thy sins are all forgiven !'
Each broken accent this High Priest receives—
Each rising sigh his tender bosom swells.
Deep on his heart impressed is every woe
His feeble follower feels ; nor can a care
Be found among the household of the just,
Which has not cost his gracious heart a groan.
He knows thy way, and he directs thy path,
Poor purblind mortal ; yea, his Spirit guides
Thy faltering footstep, and his word illumines
With ray divine the pathway of thy soul :
His rich prevailing blood before the throne
Cries to Jehovah for thy quick release ;

He, smiling, looks with ecstasy and love,
Admiring all the wisdom and the grace
His darling Son has in the work display'd,—
Secures his people's everlasting peace,
And sends the earnest of eternal bliss.
Here he in heaven itself now reigns and pleads,
Presents in each poor seeking soul's behalf
His glorious work of sacrifice and grace.
Aaron of old with blood, but not his own,
Went once a year to God within the veil,
To offer for himself and all his race
A great atonement for their numerous sins.
The trembling tribes stood waiting for the sound
Of Aaron's bells, lest God with angry frown
Should not receive the offering at his hand :
But soon as this sweet token of his grace
Was heard without, each heart with joy o'erflowed,
The grateful song of great Jehovah's praise
Burst from their tongues, and rent the vaulted skies.
But how much more, ye highly favoured few,
Ye blood-bought worshippers on Zion's hill,
Shall ye resound Jehovah-Jesu's praise,
While he, your forerunner, before the throne,
For ever stays to manage all for you :
He through the veil, that is to say, his flesh,
Pursues his course, and is for ever there
At God's right hand to plead thy legal right.
Oh matchless grace ! dear heart-consoling love,

He pleads his own rich merits, and provides
An incense-offering for each broken prayer.
He still retains, though now before the throne
A mighty conqueror, and a risen priest—
His battles fought—his chosen people blest—
A kind remembrance, and with tenderest grace,
Shares every sorrow each poor sufferer bears ;
His heart which once with poignant sorrow heaved,
Made soft by suffering, can sympathize with all.
His soul once torn with agonizing grief,
Now freely enters into every woe
Each poor desponding mortal can endure.
He felt the weakness of a human frame,
Yet stood by faith, and foiled his every foe.
In him are blended all the powers of love—
In him concentrate all Jehovah's ways :
By him alone creation's fabric formed
From chaos void, stands only by his word :
In him his chosen meet and truly find,
As in the storehouse of Jehovah's love,
A rich supply for every time of need.
Come, then, ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
Here on his lovely bosom soft recline,
His own dear hand shall dry away your tears,
And shew your souls his sympathetic heart.
Bring all your wants to him, and he will say
With words of grace, 'Thou art indeed my bride !'
Here come, ye blind, and he will guide your feet ;

Nor stay away, ye poor, for lo ! his grace is free.
The needy have a sweet repast in him,
While richly laden sinners he'll despise.
Ye who are dumb, ye thinkers on his name,
Who mourn and grieve because ye cannot pray ;
Here ye may find a Priest whose eye can see
Your inmost thought, and bear that thought to God.
The wandering sheep from Zion's chosen fold
He with a heart of tenderness restores ;
Goes e'en to Jericho, because a soul
Needs his divine compassion on the way ;
Almighty mercy streaming on the soul,
Restores the truant, and reclaims the vile.
One single glance from his all-powerful eye,
Slew all poor Peter's passions into grief,
And broke his heart with tenderness and love.
The poor returning prodigal he sees,
And with a father's heart feels all his grief ;
Runs forth to meet him, and with joy exclaims,
' Behold, my son he lives, who once was dead !'
Oh ! thou exalted Prince, above the pow'r
Or reach of death, my heart would shouting send
From pole to pole the wond'rous glorious news
Of such a Priest—for he can never die.
He, mighty Victor, reigns a conquering King,
And holds in his almighty hands the keys
Of hell and death, and none shall enter there
Whose names are written in the book of life.

38 CHRIST THE ROOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Produce from such a source, corrupt and dry
As nature's root, the costly lovely plant
Of holiness and sanctifying grace !
Oh ! no ; eternal truth with light divine
Illumes the soul, and testifies of Him
Whose works of love, and characters of grace,
Provide all necessary life and peace
For those who claim his doings as their own.
This covenant name displays another sign
Of his stupendous wisdom ; and demands
From every tongue a burst of joyful praise.
In nature's field he fixes by his power
The stately oak, and oft the tender vine,
Whose drooping branch pourtrays to every eye
Her native weakness, needing some support
On which to lean, lest her own weight should cause
Her certain fall, and pull her to the ground.
But own, ye boasters, I beseech ye own,
The source from whence the vine her fruit derives :
Is not the root of every simple herb
The certain spring of life, and health, and fruit,
From which alone the beauty of the whole
Can e'er proceed ? Doth not the root
With fibrous vein extend on every side,
And firmly hold by its superior pow'r
The largest tree, or shrub of meanest size—
Yea, bear it up against the shocks and storms
It must endure, as varying seasons change ?

CHRIST THE ROOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Doth not the root provide from mother earth
Sufficient nourishment for every twig ?
Nor can the meanest tendril of the vine
Exist apart from its supplying head ;
But, severed, droops, and unsupported dies.
Ask but the simple swain, who daily toils
In nature's field, from whence a tree receives
Its needed nourishment, its life and health ?
And he, though rude, unlettered, and unwise,
Would almost sneer, as he with rustic pride
Returned an answer to the strange request—
So plain and simple would appear to him
The reason why the tree surviving stood :
For who would e'er expect a plant to live,
Which had no root to fix it in the ground.
But mortals still upon the earth remain,
Graced with refinement, and with wisdom too,
Who will deny, although in Zion's mead
Themselves they stand, and feel the sap of grace,
That Christ supplies his people from himself.
Oh ! think again, before ye thus conclude,
Ye sad mistakers of Jehovah's love :
And first remember, Adam, as the stock,
The parent root, from whence infected sprang
The sinful human lives of all his race ;
The root corrupted by the filth of sin,
Dispensed to every future springing twig
On nature's stately tree—disease and death.

40 CHRIST THE ROOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Their every thought polluted, and disgraced—
Their every action, and their very breath,
Exhibits plainly whence the whole proceeds,
And proves the root from whence these
Branches sprang, corrupt and vile.
But our Redeemer 'gainst this woe provides,
And straight becomes in cov'nant to his church,
His chosen vine, a pure and holy root ;
From which rich source, for ever full and free,
The ransomed draw their lives, and every hope.
He is to them, by union firm and sure,
Their precious storehouse, and supplying Head—
Whose rich provisions for his needy race,
Of holiness and grace, can never fail
While great Jehovah lives ; for lo ! 'tis he
In covenant acting is the church's root—
From him the branches spring, as he decrees ;
And one by one come forth to open view.
Yet ere they manifestly shot from this,
Their native stem were safely hidden,
And preserved therein, till his divine command
Who placed them there, displays the secret shoot,
And bids it grow, while he himself supplies
The tender twig with nourishment and sap.
Here, by eternal love and sovereign grace,
The sure ingrafting of Jehovah's hand,
That skilful husbandman, they live secure ;
And though the bear from nature's forest howls,

And rage Satanic beats against the vine,
 Since 'tis the mighty God with matchless love,
 Unequalled wisdom, and exhaustless grace,
 Who forms all nature for his sovereign praise;
 That guards it still, and bears it on himself,
 It must abide, nor can the host of hell,
 Though all their legions join, destroy its growth:
 These do no more than kill the daily blight,
 Which constantly o'erspreads the greenest leaf,
 And fain would spoil the beauty of the tree.
 Sometimes 'tis needful that a scorching fire,
 A suffocating smoke should round it rise,
 To rid its branches of the murd'rous host
 Of poisonous insects, and procure their health!
 For this, commissioned by his master, comes
 Some fiend or evil, which the feeble tree
 Supposes oftentimes will burn to death
 Her every leaf, and leave no simple sign
 Of lurking life!—But Oh! the owner knows,
 Ye suffering branches of this living vine,
 Too well how much ye need his tender care,
 To clear your souls from sin's infectious race,
 Not to employ these trying cleansing means.
 Luxuriant flows from Christ, the living root,
 Rich streams of sap, in spring's delightful day,
 Whose life-supplying influence and pow'r
 Makes of the *poor dry stick*, in man's esteem,
 A *living bough*, with verdant foliage crowned,

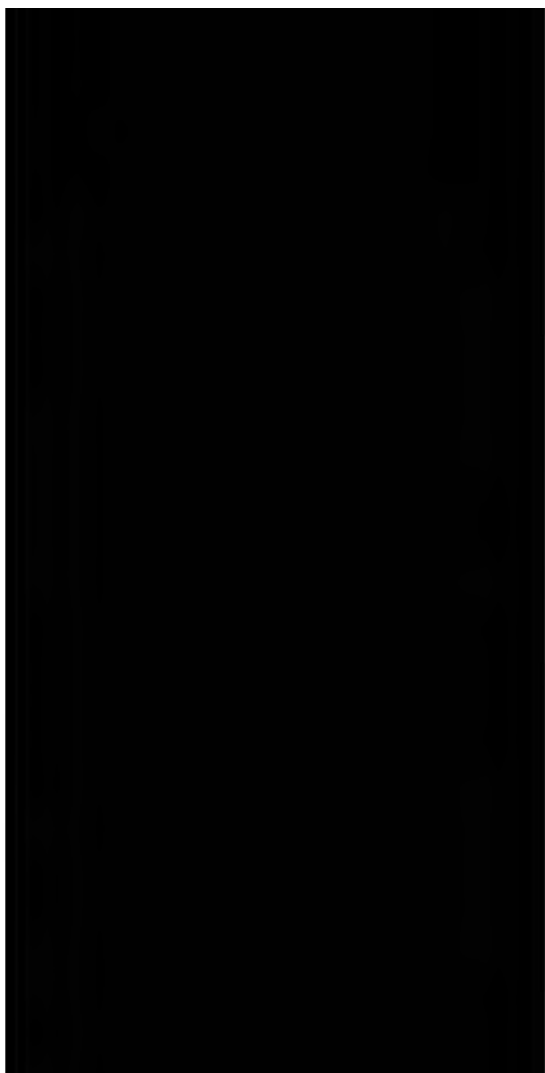
42 CHRIST THE ROOT OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

In nature's garden, which in lively form
Exhibits Jesus in his works of grace !
Behold, in spring time, when the leafless tree,
Receiving new supplies from nature's source,
Puts forth its branches, from the root supplied
With necessary juices, and becomes
With foliage clad, and lovely blossoms fair,
The veriest beauty of the verdant lawn.
Here, Oh ! ye trees of God's own planting, see
In this sweet season of the rising year,
'Thy spirit's spring-time, when Jehovah's grace
First manifest and clear revealed to thee
The sovereign source of life-producing sap,
The royal root from whence are all thy springs.
Then how thy youthful branch with vigour grew,
Shot forth its leaves, and flourished to the eye :
How every breeze that whistled through the tree
Alarmed thy tender twig, and made thee twine
Thy new-born tendril round thy mother stem !
But lo ! thy hasty growth, amazing shoot,
Required the pruning knife to give thee strength,
By cutting off a portion of its size.
So he who manages thy soul's concerns,
And suffers not thy graces to become
Thy place of refuge, but whose every care
Reveals his glory as his highest aim,
Brings some wise dispensation of his pow'r,
Some cutting providence, some stop to pride,

And clips with tender hand thy boasting self;
 While he who oversees his garden well,
 And makes his servants all fulfil exact
 His stern command, takes special care
 To cut his every branch, just at the joint
 Where separation only life and health secures.
 Thus he provides thy spiritual life,
 Securing by his watchfulness and love
 In spring, thy spirit's strength by various ways,
 Selected by his own almighty choice,
 And best exhibiting his tender heart,
 While each distressing storm and burst of woe
 He only sends to work thy spirit's good:
 Thy tender stalk in him infixed abides,
 Receiving all the needful grace and life
 For every trial thou canst here endure.
 He sends the sap whenever he perceives
 Thy leaf is drooping, and thy vigour small:
 But when presumptuous thy extending bough
 Would arrogate its own important strength,
 Rather than point to Him, who is thy Root,
 He, ever jealous of his holy name,
 Beholds thy pride, and stops its boasting tongue.
 Thus wisely pruning such a trying tree,
 The glorious Husbandman, with matchless skill,
 Secures from every branch, however weak,
 Rich clusters to display his worthy praise.
In summer, too, when burning sunbeams pour,

In full meridian heat
And striking full upon the
Require supporting nourishment

The trying season of distressing thirst
He, thy unseen and never-failing Root,
Sends forth the Spirit to relieve thy heart,
And furnishes the cool refreshing shower
Of gospel grace ! and some sweet promise shews,
To tell thee how the summer's sun ye need,
To ripen on thy bough the growing fruit.
At even he dispatches to thine aid
The cool refreshing dew, to raise thy hopes ;
And in proportion as the next day's sun
Shall by his wise appointment stronger shine,
So he prepares by a more copious dew,
To meet thy spirit's exigence and want
For coming trials, and distressing cares !
Oh ! ye, whose clusters need the scorching ray,
To make them testify with sweetest taste
The wealth and fatness of the root divine,
Say not, because his face he hides,
And bids the earth conceal him from thine eye,
That therefore he forsakes his chosen vine !
Oh ! no ; these dispensations prove his pow'r—
Each changing season speaks his worthy praise ;
Each blast of grief some sweet design of grace
Unfolds, and proves thy heavenly Father's love.
Soon autumn's plenty shall express the whole,



V.

Christ the Christian's Advocate.

**“ We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the
righteous.”—1 John ii. 1.**

WHAT aileth thee, poor grief-worn soul ?
Whence all these sighs, and deep distressing cares ?
Thy wasted form portrays a wretch forlorn—
Or trembling malefactor, doomed to die !
Say, whence thy sorrows—whence thy torturing grief !
Hast thou a cause beyond thy pow’r to plead ?
Hast thou a case, which needs more mighty skill
Than that which thou possessest in thyself ?
Hast thou by sinning, brought upon thine head
The just condemning sentence of that law,
Whose awful voice inflexibly exclaims—
‘ Pay that thou owest, or for ever die ?’
Say, weeping penitent,—is this thy state ?
If so, rejoice !—the lip of truth commands, rejoice !—
For lo, ye heavens, reflect his praise—
Ye breezes, waft it to remotest lands—
Jehovah-Jesus bears the covenant name
Of Advocate, and Counsellor, for such as you !
He knows, for ever blessed be his name,

IV.

Christ the Root of the Righteous.

“The ROOT of the righteous yieldeth fruit.”—Prov. xii. 12.

EXALTED Jesus ! sovereign Source of life !
From whom, unrivalled, springs thy church's grace ;
All nature teems with honours to thy praise,
And speaks in language, forcible and sweet,
Thy mighty name in all thy handy works.
Thou art the best beloved of Jehovah's heart,
And precious Root of every plant of grace,
Whence springs their life, their verdure, and their fruit.
Say ye, who fain would learn his mighty worth,
Who find no source of fruitfulness and life
In your own hearts, but, like to desert lands,
Are parched and dry ; yea, cannot if ye would
Produce from ruined nature's barren heath
One twig or herb of spiritual growth :
Whose minds o'erspread, like common land and waste,
Require the cultivator's art and care
To make thee capable of bearing e'en
The simplest blade of grass upon the soil—
Could ye, thus needy, destitute, and poor,
Void of the power of bestowing life,

Manasseh, stubborn and rebellious youth,
Whom no paternal tenderness and care
Could e'er restrain from breach of moral laws,
Yet Jesus speaks, and low the tyrant falls,
A humble debtor to his saving pow'r :—
Flies to this Counsellor—implores his aid—
Receives emancipation full and free,
And now for ever glories in his grace !
Ten thousand sinners now before the throne
Unite their anthems to his holy name ;
While they enjoy, in glory's full-blown flow'r,
That very grace which makes thee weep and mourn.
Then, fearless, cast thy ev'ry care on him—
His odorous name thy spirit will revive,
While with a tender smile, and look of love,
He bids thee, fainting Jacob, trust in him !
No lengthened distance keeps thee from his heart —
Jehovah-Jesus feels each broken sigh ;
And, while his brethren bend before his feet,
Oft turns away to hide his heaving breast—
He long hath paid these debts ye so deplore.
Thy raging foes, who taunt thy broken heart,
Will, when he shews his sacred face, depart.
The guilty woman, taken in her sins,
Brought by accusing Jews to Christ on earth,
Found him her friend—while silently he bends,
And on the ground delineates his pow'r !
Th' astonish'd Jews depart, and prove by action,

What the word declares—that Jesus hears
No accusation 'gainst his chosen race.
He, while the sinner brings his guilty crimes,
And spreads them out in full before his throne,
Stoops with compassion—only like his own,
And writes upon his heart his own new name;
Casts all the mighty catalogue of debts
Behind his back—and tells the drooping soul
To go in peace.—No condemnation now
Remains to those who bring their case to him;
And none do this but such as know his name!
Oh praise him then, ye ransom'd, and unite
To spread his deathless fame!—our Advocate
With God—who first discharges all,
Then brings the soul to fancy she's in debt,
That she may prize the wonders of that love,
Which could accomplish such a mighty deed!
' Oh what a Counsellor !' the traitor cries—
' But may I hope that he will bow his ear,
To such a worthless, aggravated case
As mine !—Oh ! will he hear, and plead
For one more vile than all the souls he saved !
One so divine, so dignified and grand,
My bursting spirit fears he will ne'er behold
A worm, so worthy of eternal ire !'
Oh ! yes, poor trembler, shelter in his name,
His condescension 'tis exalts his worth :
Thou canst not be where this Almighty Lord

Disdains to stoop—He never leaves thee,
But is ever near, to bear thee up against
The swelling torrent, or the whelming flood..
He is thy precious kinsman, Brother born,
Expressly born to meet thy dreadful woes—
Thy soul's adversity—thy pond'rous guilt:—
Yea, he is all thou canst for ever want—
Thy Shield, thy Surety, and thy faithful Friend !
Not like the advocates who daily plead,
And hourly plunder at a human bar :
Whose guilty pleadings terminate, as soon
As gold, the main-spring of their actions,
Thoughts, and words, be found to cease.
The rich man only, here on earth, can find
A counsellor to manage his affairs ;
While fraud and craft conspire, and lend them aid,
To further oftentimes the worst of plans.
Not so th' industrious poor—he seldom meets
A friend below to save him, if he need ;
So he, for lack of necessary bribes,
To pass him through this wretched world of sin,
Finds only grief and tribulation still—
Receives no favours, but becomes the slave
Of tyrannizing mortals, and despotic pride.
Yet know, ye poor, despis'd, derided few,
Who 'midst the awful herd of sinners dwelt,
Whose bleeding hearts oft melting with distress,
Forget your lovely friend,—your pleading Lord !

To him repair—Oh ! stay not to expect
 On earth to find a single spot of rest ;
 For thou art not a habitant below—
 Thy dwelling-place, thy native city, stands
 Far, far beyond this nether sinful world :
 There thy Beloved holds thy vacant room,
 Till thou hast fully proved his mighty worth,
 And he, by thousand times ten thousand ties
 Becomes more eminently dear to thee !
 There thou shalt enter free from sin and blame,
 Enwapp'd in Jesu's holy robe and pure—
 Thy griefs forgotten, and thy ransom'd soul
 Well wash'd in blood, the purifying fount,
 Fix'd in the church, and fill'd from Jesu's veins—
 Shall sound as rapturous, she swiftly flies
 To take her seat among the blood-bought host,
 His mighty love with ecstasy divine !
 Oh ! lovely Saviour ! let thine unctuous name,
 Deep graven on my heart, and on mine arm,
 Like a broad seal of rich almighty love,
 Be ever worn, and triumphed in by me !
 Oh ! seize my wav'ring thought, which fain would rove
 Like the fool's eye, the spacious earth around—
 And bid it fix upon its only bliss !
 Here springs new life, and pleasures, endless joys,
 Eternal happiness, and peaceful rest.
 No noisome pestilence—no murd'rous foe,
In this green pasture can be ever found :

Sweet rills of joy from love's vast ocean fill'd,
Refresh the weary heavy-laden mind ;
While Jesu's breast, on which the sinner bears,
Yields him a pillow of the softest down—
Where sweetly resting, he shall lastly lean,
Breathe gently forth his spirit's parting breath ;
And, with his latest accent, joyous cry,
' This is my Advocate—Propitiation— Friend !'

Christ the Church's Beloved.

“ My Beloved is white and ruddy ; the chiefest among ten thousand.”—Cant. v. 10.

SAY, Oh ye daughters, can ye boast a friend,
In whose embrace ye lose your ev'ry grief ?
Oh ! have ye found a creature here below,
Whose faithful heart endures your utmost scorn
Unmov'd—and tender still ?—Say, have your
Souls, with sweet affection fir'd, in anguish
Sought, if he delayed his promis'd visit ?
If so, ye know the anxious, eager pang
Of disappointment, and expecting love.
Yet, even these sweet sorrows of the soul
Can never shew, in aptitude of form,
The keen distress, the agony severe—
The bitter anguish, and heart-rending woe
Of lovely Hephzibah—Jehovah's fair ! his
Promis'd bride, and chosen love !
She owns a lover, whose distinguished worth
No mortal tongue can tell, or angel know :
Whose glories infinite, surpassing thought—
Forbid a creature's knowledge to explore.

He is the Lord of Hosts ! the mighty God !
The great Eternal, Sovereign, and Lord
Of all created things—in heaven, earth, and hell
He does whatever he shall best approve,
Nor gives account of any of his ways.
He chose her for his own ere time began,
While yet she stood unblameable and pure—
Betrothed her to him in a certain bond
Of never-ending faithfulness and love.
This sov'reign favour, and stupendous grace,
Hath well secur'd her his, beyond the pow'r
Of sin or poverty, in time to come.
The silly virgin played the harlot's part—
Forsook his word of love, and broke his law ;
Yet—Oh ! ye angels strike your loudest chord,
Sound out his praise—this could not change
His heart !—Her dire disgrace he met
In keenest smart—paid all her debts
Contracted in the fall—yet lov'd her still !
She, sinful ran, regardless of the cost,
Accumulating crime, nor heeded once
The awful end of such a trait'rous course :
Yet, notwithstanding, he ador'd his love,
Rescued and sav'd her, ere she knew the fact,
Or felt remorse for such continued sin ;
And, by his grace, preserv'd her feeble soul
E'en while rebellious ;—she forgot his name.
Oh ! love exalted, how thy glories shine

And blaze, compared with treachery and sin :
Long had she spurned his lovely voice of truth—
Long hardened, braved the message of his grace ;
When lo ! his heart no longer could withstand
Its own emotions, but with love o'erflowed,
And ran to snatch her from oppression's claw.
Locked up and sealed in sin's tyrannic power,
She wondered why such manifested grace—
Flew from his presence with affright, and
Sought to better her condition, ere she came
To seek forgiveness of her royal friend.
But marvel, all ye pharisees, and learn
The strength of love in our Immanuel's work,
Who takes his chosen to his fond embrace,
And finds himself the means to make her clean.
Round her his arm of sovereign love he cast,
And told the tale of all his mighty grace :
New formed her heart, and clad her naked soul
With his own royal robe, of costly hue :
Washed all her sins away, and cured her wounds—
Restored his presence to her wretched heart,
And bade her own him as her future Lord !
Say, Oh ye daughters ! can ye find below
Such faithful love, undying favour, grace,
And rich provision to secure your hearts ?
Oh no ! this best Beloved of the church,
This glorious Bridegroom of a favoured race,
Surpasses all that art and nature can,

Combined in liveliest portraiture, display.
He rests for ever in his love, and plans
The needful means to save, with ransom full,
His fair one from the legal bondage, and
The just arrest of justice, and of law.
In him concentrate all Jehovah's ways !
All lovely characters—endearing names,
Sustained on purpose to display his grace,
And place his spouse beyond the reach of blame.
In Him she finds enduring strength and pow'r—
Unfading holiness—unaltered love—
Exalted glory, and eternal life !
He is her magazine of mighty grace,
From whence she gains supplies for every need.
He reigns creation's Maker, and its Lord,
Whose arm upholds all myriads for her use.
This spacious earth, the prison where she lives,
A little moment, while she learns his worth—
Revolving turns upon his sovereign will,
And serves the purpose he at first designed.
He governs all her numerous sins, and foes ;
Rebukes the tempter—disappoints his rage ;
Subdues his enemies, and, with watchful eye,
Each moment guards her by his saving love.
Ask not, then, Oh ye scoffers, why she seeks
With locks dishevelled, and with garments rent,
So justly precious a beloved Lord !
His absence fills her heart with grief and pain :

well she knows how little she deserves
glorious presence of so great a King.
reeps, and hastes to seek in Salem's streets—
none to sympathize, or join the search :
sires of Zion's watchmen, but in vain—
filled with woe, forgets his certain word.
ender maidens, with astonished voice,
and what reason can impel her grief—
what is thy Beloved more than
loves, that thus ye mourn his loss ?
none supply his place ?" they quick rejoin ;
ase thy soul from this perplexing care ?
all the sons of men give place to him,
boast no comeliness like thy Belov'd ?"
not of beauty, Oh ye virgins ! while
heart oppressed, beats heavy with distress.
oyal Hephzibah immediate cries—
human beauties, and divinest forms,
in the lovely person of my Lord !
eature could with him compare, or yield
reaking heart a moment of repose !
resence only cheers my fainting soul,
buries all my heart-perplexing grief.
ye but once been privileged to lean
his dear breast, and to enjoy his smile,
ad not then compared him to a worm.
to my soul, he is the spring of peace !
urest 'midst a thousand fairs beside !

His spotless purity, and matchless hue,
Combines the lily and the rose in one !
He reigns without a rival in my heart,
The chiefest of ten thousands, full of love !
His eyes o'erflowing with affection, prove
Their cheerful radiance, and raise my hope ;
These well perceive what best will suit my soul,
And yield my heart a beneficial rest.
His lovely cheeks, like beds of sweetest spice,
Afford me ease, and cheering sweetness too :
Here, well supplied, I find a rich repast,
And bask in certain favour on his love.
His lips, like lilies dropping sweet perfumes,
Bedew my soul with blessing and delight :
His opening mouth emits, at every word,
Immortal truth, and never-fading bliss.
Here streams of favour issue, to beguile
The tedious moments which must intervene
Betwixt the consummation of my joys.
On every finger, some encircling pledge
Of favour, never-ending and extreme,
Which certain testimonials of grace
He every moment shews my ravished heart :
While mercy beaming with benignant ray,
Illuminates my spirit by its beam,
Invigorating my impoverished soul
With strength immortal by his ev'ry glance.
Not Lebanon such excellence can shew,

finest cedars rise to such a height
 is, my best Beloved, Lord and King !
 lovely mouth exceeds the sweetest scent —
 reath is life eternal to my soul :—
 how can such a feeble tongue as mine
 at the beauties of Jehovah's Christ,
 tly speak the glories of his name !
 e is far surpassing human thought—
 together lovely—Lord of all !—
 King of kings—the lover of my soul—
 great Jehovah in a covenant form—
 ture Husband, my redeeming Friend—
 der Brother, and the Prince of Peace !
 Oh ye daughters, is my precious Lord,
 est Beloved—my endearing Friend !
 a I boast the sweets of purest love ;
 when neglectful I forget his grace,
 mes and clasps me to his wounded heart.
 while I tell how much I owe his pow'r,
 little I deserve his fond embrace,
 ashes all my sorrows into peace,
 bids me boast in his Almighty name !
 shall he grant my spirit's fondest wish—
 bring the chariot by his love prepared—
 se furniture and glorious form, displays
 mighty owner's wealth and tender heart.
 own dear hand shall crown me
 : bride, and place me ever on

His royal throne !—There wond'ring angels
Shall adoring gaze—behold my robes
Of Ophir's purest gold—shout to the praise
Of Him who lives and reigns their King ;
While worlds assembled prostrate at his feet,
Shall own his power to conquer, and
His right to reign, his church's Bridegroom,
Sovereign Lord, and King !

VII.

Christ the God of the whole Earth.

"The GOD of the whole EARTH shall he be called." —
Isaiah liv. 5.

JOIN, Oh ye ransomed, all your powers of praise,
Lay by your murmuring fears, while Jesus reigns,
And claims in this exalted name of love,
The right to manage all created things !
Say, what can injure or distress your souls,
Since He, who formed all nature by his word,
Sustains, in covenant, the august name,
The royal right to govern and control
The worlds he made—to yield thee certain good
By him, that mighty work, creation's plan
Concerted—shews in lively forms his wisdom
In design, and testifies his executing pow'r.
The spacious firmament displays his might,
And tells the wond'rous tale of Jesu's name,
To lands remote ; nor can a place be found
Where the expressive speech of clouds and stars,
The offsprings of his power, are never heard.
The rude barbarian owns in simple strains,
How much his heart reveres the silent voice ;

And, wrapped in gloomy superstition's night,
 Knows not the Maker—so adores his work.
 Not so the student in Jehovah's school—
 He, taught by every produce of his pow'r,
 To seek his heavenly Lord beyond his acts,
 Rises above the blue expanse—he spreads
 And penetrates within the holy veil.
 Here, in the blaze of day, he sees his Lord
 Superior to the heavens, or the stars ;
 Yet magnifies his majesty of grace,
 Which furnishes the night with needful rays,
 And grants a small detachment to secure
 His royal seed from falling midst the gloom.
 Here contemplation finds her sweetest theme ;
 And, free from noise, in solemn silence learns
 Her Maker's mighty labours unobserved ;
 Lord, what is man, that he should share thy love !
 Why grant a mortal thy endearing smile,
 Whose every way is treachery and sin !
 Since these, thy creatures, wait upon thy word,
 And readily obey thy strict command ;
 Each planet moves in one directed course,
 Nor swerves beyond its destined line.
 No simple star can shoot its silver ray,
 Without Jehovah-Jesu's word and will.
 He rules in heaven, and acknowledged reigns
 The Lord supreme of all the myriads there :
Nor does the highest angel dare to pry,

Or ask the secret of his wond'rous ways.
 Here legions waiting on his royal word,
 Immediate fly to execute his will:
 While not a cloud can intervene, or hide
 The simplest star's enliv'ning ray to man,
 Unless commissioned by creation's King.
 Impetuous storms at his command arise,
 Discharge their torrents on the needy earth—
 Emit their rage, and strait his word fulfil:
 The roaring thunder bids the nations fear—
 Excites astonishment and strange surprise—
 Yet testifies the mighty Maker's pow'r;
 While vivid lightnings, blazing forth his name,
 Exemplify his grandeur and renown.
 The howling tempest bellows to his praise,
 While softer breezes fanning through the trees,
 Speak in refreshment's voice his sacred worth:
 The cooling shower, midst the noontide heat,
 Distilling vigour on the drooping plants,
 Renovating nature, tells the tale
 Of his almighty prowess to restore;
 While the rich sunbeams, darting light and life
 On nature's surface, speak his worthy praise
 In grateful song: the whole creation owns
 The life-bestowing influence and power
 Of life and heat, abounding in the sun,
 Nor dares dispute his lordship over all.
Yet he but shadows forth the source of life,

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And faintly tells of our Immanuel's worth ;
Pourtraying in his penetrating beam,
From which no cavern in the earth is hid,
The omnipresence of creation's Lord !
Each spreading tree, and meaner shrub, declares
How necessary to their life is he :
For lo ! when winter's frost benumbs their lives,
No verdant foliage can adorn their forms ;
But soon, as rising from the dappled east,
The life-dispensing monarch rules the spring,
They straight revive, and join in nature's song,
By bringing budding tributes to his praise.
He fills the hidden mines with choicest gold,
And bids the precious glittering silver in
Its bowels grow, while not a blade of grass
Without his ray, would stand to nourish,
Or a flower blow.—Yet, he a creature
Only, serves awhile, till Christ, his King,
Hath fully shewn his most mysterious grace,
And proved himself the only lasting good.
He as the Sun of glory ever shines,
Emits or hides his rays, just as he will ;
Yet still remains the source of life and heat.
He sheds new vigour o'er the frozen soul,
Imparts his gospel light, and makes the day ;
Fills every mine of doctrine full of gold,
And bids the silver glitter to his praise.
Each simple shrub in grace's garden grows,

By his divine and influential ray ;
 While Lebanon with stately cedars crowned,
 Delineates his mighty name and pow'r.
 He bids the earth her nourishment afford—
 Draws from her caverns for his people's use,
 The necessary means of life and health.
 He bids the forest yield its spicy stores,
 The field produce his chosen people bread ;
 The herb, medicinal, to shoot and grow ;
 Yet asks no mortal leave to act or will.
 He calls the wind, and holds it in his fist,
 Commands the tempest—bids the thunder roar :
 Convulses nations, and declares his will,
 By strange commotions and destructive signs.
 These shew his right omnipotent to rule,
 While Jesu's timid sheep affrighted, haste
 To seek a shelter in the smitten rock,
 Upraised for refuge in a weary land.
 O certain residence ! delightful rest !
 Sweet thought, that Jesus, as creation's Lord,
 Holds fast the storm of nature in his grasp,
 Directs its thunders, and, with love divine,
 Points every billow for the use of grace.
 The feeblest saint can take no final harm,
 But may in safety watch the storm at peace.
 No torrent beats—no swelling flood can rise
 Beyond the power of his wise control ;
Nor shall a tempest beat against thine head,

66 CHRIST THE GOD OF THE WHOLE EARTH.

Poor fainting soul, but that which Jesus
Overrules for good !—His word can in
A moment quell its rage, and bid the sea,
The torrent, wind, and storm be still ; nor
Will they dare to rage a second longer, if he
Speak. Each cooling breeze his Holy Spirit
Pours, to fan thy spicy odours to his name ;
Exhibits well whose mighty love presides
O'er all the lovely monuments of grace,
And bids their spikenards flourish to his praise !
Oh ! breathe, ye gales, your mighty Maker's name !
Ye flowers, pourtray his pencil's magic skill !
Ye brooks, in murmuring accents tell his worth,
As silently ye wander through the meads !
Nor cease the harmony, ye tuneful throngs,
Whose varied plumage, and continued strain
Of charming eloquence, declares his name !
Each warbling songster, with melodious notes,
Sings to the honour of creation's Lord ;
While all the tenants of the forest own
His kind benevolence, and speak his praise.
These prowling forth at his command by night,
Receive their necessary food from God,
Yet own his power to control their rout,
And venture not to forage in the day.
Man only braves his Maker to his face,
Or offers insolence to such a Lord ;
While brutes (less favoured) wait upon his word !

far not then these, ye feeble, since they move
 beneath the guidance of thy reigning friend.
 The scaly monsters of thine own domain,
 The hidden beasts who prowl about thine heart,
 How not their hideous faces in the day,
 Sit wait till Jesus hides his noontide beam.
 Or can they then be unobserved by him,
 For he continually watchful owns
 The name and character of nature's God,
 Whose wisdom governs all his works by right.
 The mighty ocean owns his voice divine,
 Nor dares to overleap its certain bound :
 His world of wonders, hid from human eye,
 Contains his marvels, and depicts his might.
 Where tenants numberless display his skill,
 Express his prowess in creation's work,
 And leap his praises as they fear his name.
 The frightened seaman struggles with the storm,
 Expects no hand can save him from its rage,
 Forgets, or never knew, Jehovah's name,
 And therefore cannot understand his pow'r ;
 That he presides and manages the wave,
 Abduces, when best his wisdom sees it fit—
 The tempests roar, and gains eternal praise.
 He reigns Supreme, nor can a creature, e'er
 Formed by his power and majestic might,
 Refuse to testify his royal rule, or dare
 Righteous anger.—Say then, poor mourner,

Why with constant tears bedew thy couch,
 Or fancy evil can consume thy soul !
 These creature things, employed by wise design,
 Produce a never-failing fund of good
 To his redeemed.—Can Wisdom infinite
 Mistaken prove ? or will the thing created
 Say to him who formed it, why create me thus ?
 Oh ! cease your murmurs, bury your complaints,
 Trust in his hand thy every concern ;
 Nor will he ever once desert the trust,
 But bring thy righteousness to perfect light.
 He formed the ear, and gave the eye its sight—
 Prepared the human fabric—made the tongue,
 And breathed therein the spirit of his life :
 Then shall he not control the human will—
 Reign monarch over all the sons of men,
 And marshal every movement by his word ?
 His chosen race, the subjects here below
 Of sorrows, never-ending and severe,
 Can tell how graciously his mercy shields
 Their lives from ravages of many sorts.
 He bids them travel through this desert land,
 O'er barren wastes—the wilderness of life :
 Forbids their souls to make a rest below ;
 Crushes each creature refuge here—and bids
 The hungry wolf affright the timid flock,
 Yet keeps his eye on every tender lamb,
While faint and weary for the stream it pants.

Oh ! learn his grace, ye travellers below,
 Nor think, because he thus directs your steps,
 That therefore ye will never reach your rest.
 This beaten track he leads his chosen through,
 Will open at the end in glorious light,
 Where everlasting blessedness and peace
 Shall well reward you for a moment's toil !
 He places in this dry and barren land,
 The precious rivers of his grace and love ;
 Invites the soul to come, and freely drink—
 Assuage its thirst, and renovate its strength.
 He overturns the mountains, which impede
 The progress of his people ; while the vales
 Uprising, testify his might, and help
 The feeble church to sound aloud his praise.
 Fear not the legions who oppose your march,
 For know your Leader owns superior pow'r,
 Nor can they stand before his mighty face !
 Behold a stubborn Pharaoh's useless rage,
 Whose obstinacy only gained his own, and all
 His host, destruction—yet, he daring ran
 In eager haste, pursuing Israel's tribes.
 Poor, frightened children, they in terror stood—
 Surveyed the mighty ocean in despair,
 Yet feared to venture a return ; for lo !
 Behind was Pharaoh, and a threat'ning host.
 But HE who bids the waters ebb and flow,
Whose word the sea obeys, could make a path

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By bidding it divide, to let them pass.
And hath he not, when seas of human woe
Have stood before his people to destroy,
Commanded, when all other means were spent,
And bade his chosen walk in safety through !
Go, search the records of redeeming love !
There read the mighty prowess of his arm,
Who clave the rock in Horeb, to assuage
The thirsty and rebellious Jews of old.
Then trust his name, and glory in his might,
For he who reigns creation's rightful Lord,
Can meet no enemy too strong for him.
Think how he sent the good Elijah food,
When wicked Ahab threatened him with death :
He lonely sat apart from human aid,
Despised, neglected, and in bitter grief ;
But his almighty Friend upheld him still ;
And best to testify his mighty name,
Compelled the hungry raven to refrain
His native appetite, and speed his way
To yield the prophet nourishment and life !
Oh ! here was mercy !—e'en the bird of prey
Constrained to give away his savoury meat,
At God's command, because his servant needs !
And doth he not continue so to do,
By making wicked men relieve his church,
And lend assistance to their daily wants ?
Methinks the ravens often feed them more

n those whose clemency they ought to own :
 Jews were always much inclined for gold.
 when the deadly famine filled the land
 h death, and desolation, how his grace,
 sov'reign power, made the widow's cruse
 ever-failing flask of life—increased
 meal, till plenty graced again the barren
 in !—He never wants a mean to shew his love,
 can be straitened to display his might :
 he can deluge with a word the world,
 speak a new creation into birth.
 en why repine at simple nature's voice,
 ce nature's God is to his saints become
 air sure Defender, and redeeming King !
 e Hebrew children, monuments of grace,
 ough prisoners beneath a tyrant's iron hand,
 ew well how able was the God they served,
 save them in the midst of hottest flames.
 ey glorified his pow'r, nor that in vain,
 r he will never disregard the cry
 his beloved, in the day of need,
 leave them in the furnace by themselves.
 e raging fire knew its Maker's face,
 rbore to burn, while he restrain'd its heat,
 or singed a hair of those it would consume.
 ot so it acted to the rebels round,
 'ho offered *insolence* to Jesu's name :
 ese fell the victims of its hottest rage,

And found it uncontroll'd on their behalf.
 A righteous Daniel, faithful to his Lord,
 Walked in security and perfect peace
 Amongst ferocious lions ; yea, remain'd
 All night the tenant of their frightful den ;
 But Judah's lion, reigning as their King,
 Lock'd up their jaws, and bade them lie
 In peace, nor dare molest his favourite ;
 For he'd determin'd to exalt his name.
 Well might the prophet cry with holy zeal,
 My heart shall boast in God, my Saviour still,
 Though nature fails to furnish me for life,
 With necessary fruits, or useful meat :
 He claims the rightful honours of his name,
 Forbids his creatures to dispute his pow'r,
 And ever manifests his skill to save.
 He builds a temple for his holy praise,
 Takes what he will, and bids his creatures bring
 The needful cedars for the lovely work.
 He wastes a nation by the din of war,
 Yet gives no reason why he so decrees ;
 Nor asks permission to destroy his work.
 He came to earth, and while he dwelt below,
 Each moment left a record to his name,
 And told how grand his errand from the skies.
 He takes the clay, and by his power divine,
 Converts the thing, which in a human hand
Would blind the eye to which it was applied,

Into a precious salve, to furnish sight,
 His Godhead visible, in every touch,
 However small, his lovely finger gave,
 This proved effectual. Diseases flew
 Before his frown, nor ever dar'd appear,
 If he, their monarch, bid them haste away.
 He penetrates the heart's most hidden part ;
 Perceiv'd Nathaniel's thought before he came,
 Or knew the truth, that Jesus was the Lord.
 This mighty Potentate, beholds at once
 All situations, where his numerous charge
 Be found—and tells poor Peter, when in want
 Of money for the tribute, where to go,
 And seize a fish, with silver in its gill.
 What eye but his could so explore the deep—
 Could tell the moment when the scaly friend,
 His banker, would arrive, to suit his case.
 Can reason find among her clever race,
 The means to satisfy her needs at once ;
 Or tell the spot where riches can be gained ?
 Say, Oh ye boasters, who would fain deny
 That this divinely glorious Lord is God !
 Tell, I beseech ye, if a mortal worm could do
 Such marvels as Jehovah-Jesus did ?
 He takes the five small loaves—and, giving thanks,
 Distributes to the thousands, seated round
 His royal feet, and feeds them to the full.
The broken fragments prove the Maker there

Presided, and increased the scanty meal ;
 For more remained when all were richly fed,
 Than they at first, unbroken, owned before.
 Oh time would fail to tell the tale at length,
 Nor could the moments of a mortal state
 Enumerate his mighty acts of grace !
 The dead arising at his voice, declare
 That he hath power over death itself ;
 Nor can the tyrant hold his lawful prey
 If our Jehovah speak the prisoner forth.
 Why, then, my soul, desponding mourn and grieve,
 A few more moments here below at most,
 And those, emblazoned with Jehovah's love,
 Will terminate thy sorrows, and ensure
 Thy spirit's entrance before his face.
 He reigns the mighty God of nature still,
 Nor shall an atom fly beyond his word :
 Oh think how happy, how securely blest,
 'The nation who can boast so wise a friend !
 Think how he makes his myriads serve thy soul,
 And sends relief by whom he best approves ;
 Yet never leaves the feeblest of his flock
 To say, their Lord forgot to send them aid !
 Rest on his arm of saving power and love,
 And take the light he gives the poor blind soul.
 Revere his word, and gird his armour on,
 So shall the desert passage shorter seem,
Through which thou passest on thy way to bliss.

A mansion waits thee at thy journey's end,
Replete with comforts, to refresh thy soul :
Press on, nor heed the clamour of the foe,
He only grieves to see thee thus secure.
Prepare thy feet with Zion's shoes of grace,
So shalt thou tread on serpents without harm,
Nor feel the pricking of the thorns beneath—
Thy precious Lord shall all thy needs supply,
Make all creation glorify his name,
And bring thee safely into heavenly joy ;
For HE shall ever reign in royal state
JEHOVAH-JESUS ! GOD OF HEAVEN and EARTH !
His church's Husband and eternal Friend !

VIII.

Christ the Plant of Renown.

**"I will raise up for them a plant of renown."
Ezek. xxxiv. 29.**

TRANSPLANTED from a richer, fairer soil,
Where life's congenial breezes, glory's sun,
And ever-living waters round it rolled,
That lovely evergreen of high renown,
Jehovah's precious healing cov'nant plant,
Descends, and blossoms with the sons of men :
Undying verdure testifies its name,
Proclaims superior excellence its own,
While clad in never-dying grace it stands,
The chosen monarch of the favoured tribes.
Each plant that blossoms to Jehovah's praise,
Or spreads its simplest leaf to tell his grace,
Received its life, and now continued, gains
Its health and verdure from the royal stock.
The precious Jesus, plant of fair renown,
From whence the little sprigs in Zíon's mead
Enjoy their every necessary aid,
Is well adapted in this covenant name,
To tell the riches of his gracious work.

e justly claims, among the church elect,
 e holy name of God's most righteous plant—
 e root of David—Jesse's royal stem—
 e lovely tree with richest beauty crowned.
 l other plants from this beloved spring—
 : their original, undying head,
 eir propagator, and supplying friend,
 th needful nourishment to grow and thrive.
 e Godhead's fulness, an exhaustless store,
 life undying, in his root behold—
 r fear, ye feeble sprigs of such a tree,
 e source of verdure can be ever dry.
 ovah's fulness of redeeming grace,
 our Immanuel we richly own ;
 r shall eternal ages spent, to tell his worth,
 haust the boundless ocean of his love !
 grew in stature here below ; and while
 ch bursting bud, and newly-spreading leaf,
 xclaimed the riches of the mighty stem,
 e sweet perfume surprised the nations round.
 onished Jews, with rage and malice filled,
 claimed, though haters of his righteous name,
 ure never man could speak like him !" or
 ew such proofs of majesty and high renown.
 e Holy Spirit fanned his growing sweets,
 spensed the balmy odour of his name,
 elt on *his bough*, and poured continued grace.
 im, the riches of the spicy east concentrate,

While the never-failing sweets of gospel love,
Of life eternal, and reviving power,
Abundantly unfold his work of grace.
He left the realms of glory for a waste,
A barren wilderness of human woe;
Yet grew and flourished to Jehovah's praise,
Where every other plant had surely died.
Beneath the scorching sun, temptation's beam,
Whose hottest ray, and most consuming heat,
Poured on his head, and parched his very soul—
He patient stood, while arrows keen,
And poisonous whirlwinds, with envenomed spite,
Beat all their vengeance to destroy his life :
But, firmly rooted, well with sap supplied,
The royal plant of great Jehovah's care,
Stood green and lovely in the driest soil,
And bid the hottest curse of sorrows beam.
No other plant stood near to form a shade—
No human shelter round the precious tree
Erected, screened it from the scorching ray :—
No cooling river in the desert streamed,
To cheer the suffering substitute for man !
But, planted lonely, in the burning sand
Of human sorrow, he unsheltered bore
The sad and certain penalties of crime,
Due to his withered, yet beloved race.
The direful whirlwind, scouring o'er the plain,
Raised by Jehovah's justice, howled around—

ized not the thorns and brambles of the waste,
it spent its vengeance on Immanuel's head.
e, like the humble reed who feels the storm,
ad knows full well it cannot brave the wind,
w'd down his sacred body to the stroke,
ad, pressed to earth, the sinner's Surety lies !
e raging fire, burning on his leaf,
rew forth immortal odours, which perfume
e desert round, while every stroke
e murd'rous axe inflicts, to cut him down,
pens a magazine of health and cure !
ere shone his virtues—here his power to save,
onspicuously pictured his renown,
ad stamped eternal glory on his name !
ll nature mourned—the sun forgot to shine—
sorrow hid his face from such a scene !
e mountains shake—convulsions seize the earth,
nd even man, the hardened monster, fears !
h precious Jesus ! let thy dying love
xtend refreshing odours to my soul ;
well in my heart, and rest upon my tongue,
hile through this desert land I bend my way.
lay this dear theme of saving sovereign grace,
rove like a crystal river of delight,
or ever rising in the barren waste,
o cheer and satisfy amidst its cares.
ere *while his lovely verdure with'ring stooped,*
nd *death deprived him of his strength and life,*

The richest stores of excellence and worth
Discovered, prove him Gilead's healing plant.
Did ancient Hebrews boast a balsam fine,
Whose worth medicinal, the nations knew
An efficacious remedy and cure
For all diseases of the favoured east ?
Did the rich plant which grew the royal balm,
Submit its stem beneath the piercing blade—
Bleed forth its balsams in a dying stream,
And press its vitals through the gaping wound ?
Did this restorative and sovereign cure,
For needy mortals, prove a costly store
To those, whose happiness it was to boast
So rich a blessing to a dying race ?
Oh, see the Antitype of Gilead's balm,
In highest glory, shining through the wounds
Of God's redeeming plant of endless fame !
He, ere the streams of pardoning blood
Could for his chosen flow to save and cure,
Submits his holy stem, and spotless life,
A dying victim to redeem their souls !
He bowed his head, and laid his verdant leaf,
Of brightest green, in death's consuming lap ;
Yea, poured his blood, the saving sap of love,
In streams of life, bestowing grace and peace !
This copious torrent, mighty to restore
The dying souls of Adam's ruined race,
For ever streaming in the gospel stands,

in remedy for needy souls.
ad disease the wounded sinner feels,
n the balm from God's exalted tree,
reign cure, and proves an endless store
lth, increasing to eternal life.
cious blood ! reviving stream of grace !
ighty life-dispensing power shall tell
orth and vigour of the royal plant—
ave from sin's malignant sting, and
; yea, last a constant cure for every
t's most envenomed bite, while
bundance of the costly balm,
worthy praise, than all creation's pride,
witness to the honours of the tree,
whose luxuriant fibre it proceeds.
ertain remedy for sin and death,
ead's great Physician's mighty hand,
es unfading glory for the soul :
es its native filth, and fits
eblest twig to bud in grace below :
rengthened by continued gales of love,
from the blighting winds and scorching rays
e's polluted state, its royal friend
oid his Spirit waft it to the realms
ss, undying, where in glory's beam
hosen twig shall flourish fresh and fair,
nted *closely by the lovely side*
exalted plant of fair renown,

From whence its life and endless verdure sprang.
Here it shall ever live to own the grace,
The royal grandeur and undying love,
Superior beauty, efficacious power,
And sweets unfolding of Jehovah's Christ !
Nor shall eternal ages spend the strength,
The rich, the odoriferous perfume
Of his dear name ; but each unfolding beam,
Each opening glory, raise the joyful song
Of never-ending praises to his grace,
As God's redeeming plant of fair renown !

IX.

Christ Jehovah-Jireh.

And Abraham called the name of that place **JEHOVAH-JIREH!**"—Gen. xxii. 14.

EXALTED high upon a certain throne,
Whose firm foundation must continued stand,
The mighty Jesus, as the church's source
Of rich provision for their every need,
In cov'nant sat, ere poverty became
The painful produce of defiling sin.
HE, Sovereign Ruler of creation's hosts,
And rightful monarch of Jehovah's ways,
Himself Jehovah, in a cov'nant form,
Provided by his grace a mighty fund
Of every requisite, a changing worm
Could, ever liable in future, need.
He stood Jehovah-Jireh to his church,
His holy, chosen, and intensely loved,
Distinguished favourites, ere Adam fell ;
And fondly formed the wise mysterious plan,
Of saving, in his own provided way,
The royal household from the jaws of death.
Their head and Husband, he in bonds of love,

Became their Surety in the eye of law ;
Transferred their crimes to his almighty name,
And bade his heavenly Father look to him,
Their rich provider and redeeming friend.
The mighty system pleased Jehovah well,
Filled all the realms of glory with surprise,
And proved a certain safety for the church.
Astonished seraphs wondered when they saw
Their glorious Maker converse with a worm.
These watching, own the glory of his grace,
Strike to his praise their highest loudest chords;
Yet know not fully of his splendid love.
Poor feeble man, the creature of a day,
Crushed like a moth, and useless as the fly,
Receives the friendship of the King of kings,
And boasts in Jesus an undying Lord !
The pristine beauty of the human race,
Soon fell before temptation's burning ray—
Burnt up like shrivelled grass beneath the sun,
And lost its glory in a few short hours.
Oh ! had not then Jehovah-Jireh reigned,
Above the reach of change in cov'nant form,
The wretched church had to perdition sunk,
Nor could redemption have been ever found :
But Christ, Jehovah's own provided Lamb,
Accepted, gained his people's certain life,
While deluged in corruption and distress,
They, like the rest, revolted from his word.

This rich provision, holy, spotless, pure,
Unaltered, pacified the streaming ire,
Which like a mighty flood had drowned in death
The sinning disobedient race of man.
Behold the mighty mercy of his name
Depicted, when disgrace defiled at first
The representative of human hosts !
He flies his Maker's face, from whence alone
Could in his awful state salvation flow :
Fear, dread companion of accusing crime,
Shot through his soul, and bid him haste away,
While sovereign mercy lays his thunders by,
And seeks the fugitive with words of grace.
Sound out his well-deserved righteous praise,
Ye souls, new-clad by his providing hand,
And witness how his own procuring power
Deserves the honour of your every bliss !
Poor Adam needed now a dress to hide
His growing shame, and sewed the paltry leaf,
To cover from his holy Maker's eye
His dire disgrace. But this poor fig-leaved robe,
Exhibited by whom it was contrived,
Concealed no portion of his awful crime,
And made him more disgusting than before.
Jehovah-Jireh in the garden walks,
Provides him clothing, shews the future
Mean, the way of blood, to worship at his feet—
Points out in tenderness his future want,

And with eternal power provides his all.
The word of mercy from his lip proceeds,
A certain balm to heal the curse's smart—
Revives the drooping sinner's broken peace,
And proves the rich provision of the Lord !
The promised seed rejoiced, the heaving heart
Of mother Eve, who eyed her first-born son,
As God's provided remedy for woe ;
Nor did the glorious theme of saving grace,
In after ages cease to be revered.
A righteous Abel, witness for the Lord,
Beheld the way by love and wisdom planned,
Came with the emblem of a precious Christ,
And gained acceptance in a Saviour's name !
A holy Enoch owned the sacred truth,
Pointed to Jesus in his walk with God,
And found, through this provided mean of grace,
An entrance in before Jehovah's face.
Noah, with righteous fear, condemned the world,
While he at God's command prefigured Christ ;
Built for himself, and all his chosen seed,
A safe provision from deluging floods.
These all had shared the sad effects of sin,
And awful sunk beneath the torrent's force ;
But Noah's friend, Jehovah-Jireh, knew
The only mean of saving him from death :
So moved his heart to seek and serve his God,
While kingdoms sunk beneath deserved wrath.

A favoured Abraham, the friend of God,
Ascribed the glory of his wealth and peace,
His sure salvation, and enduring life,
To him whose providence sustained him well.
Each word of promise from Jehovah's lip,
The joyful patriarch in faith receives ;
Means on the sacred resting-place of hope,
And proves the value of redeeming grace.
His cherished son, the darling of his soul,
The child of promise, in whose life he saw
The certain grandeur of his coming seed,
Was furnished, by the rich providing love
Of him, who claims the most exalted praise.
Think how the heart of Abraham must beat
With tried affection, and increasing grief,
When first the stern commandment met his ear,
Which bade him offer Isaac to the Lord.
Strange and mysterious as the mandate seem'd,
Obedience marked the father of the just ;
And while his fondest feeling bid him fear,
His faith, with stedfast eye on Jesus fixed,
Remember'd how at first the youth was raised
From parents dead, by miracle of power—
He asks no questions, why a father's hand
Must slay the object of his fondest thought—
He stays not to reason on Jehovah's word,
But keeps his eye upon redeeming might.
Oh ! how must grace have held the sovereign sway !

How hard the battle for a mortal worm !
But Jesus, reigning over Abraham's heart,
Supplied the needed strength for such a day.
Three days perplexing journey lies between
The place of worship and the serving pair :
So Abraham takes his servants, and his son,
With necessary tools—and pensive goes,
To yield obedience to the awful word.
Long had they travelled, when the tender boy,
With quick surprise, the solemn silence broke—
“ My father ! I behold the usual signs
Of worship here, but cannot see the lamb :
Where wilt thou find a victim for the flame,
Or meet a spotless offering for God,
In this lone place, apart from all the flocks ? ”
Methinks the question from the child devote,
Had burst with grief the tender father's heart,
Had not his eye upon Jehovah fixed,
Relied upon the promise of his grace,
Which never had been falsified or lost.
“ Oh ! God will find a lamb to burn, my son, ”
The patriarch with steady voice replies ;
His arm can furnish in this needy place,
A proper victim for the holy work.
Then bids him cleave the wood, and bear it up
The mountain's brow, while waiting at the foot
The servant's stay, at his commanding word.
These two alone ascend the chosen hill,

el truth in every action clad,
 ure generations, yet unborn,
 ad and learn the glory of the Lord !
 noment ! see the altar reared,
 indled, and the victim bound !
 le marked the conduct of the son,
 dience to his father's will ;
 it 'neath the stroke he bows his head,
 d his throat to meet the murd'rous knife ;
 ! a voice from heaven stayed the blow,
 the tragic ceremony cease !
 l can picture the delightful change !
 cy paint the bliss of such a pair !
 ! behind, a ram entangled stands,
 rs the providence of Abraham's Lord !
 ht the grateful man an altar raise,
 Jehovah-Jireh's faithful name :
 ht his tongue encourage all to lean
 whose arm for every need provides.
 too difficult for him to meet—
 oo mighty to defy his pow'r,
 , as Jehovah-Jireh lives,
 nd succour in the time of need !
 owing worthy pointed to his name,
 is care on this providing friend ;
 rtain help, and saw deliverance near,
 his arm for strength they could rely.
 his manifested signs of old,

But told in shadow of the coming day,
When clad in priestly robes, and human form,
Jehovah-Jireh should redeem his church.
Each type prefigured him in gospel form,
Spoke emblematically of his varied name ;
Preached to the Jewish tribes their Maker's love,
And proved the heralds of the coming Sun.
Each bleeding victim bleated forth the way,
The rich provision of Jehovah's hand ;
But, like deliverance to Isaac's life,
Came not till all the shadow was fulfilled.
Beneath the type, provided by his word,
The spiritual worshipper beheld
His lovely Lord, and with the eye of faith
Beyond the ceremony looked to Christ !
The favoured Jews adored the wise design,
Clung to the word with holy zeal, and paid
Their daily honours to the Saviour's name.
Each rising scene in after ages told,
As nearer to the morning's dawn they came,
In livelier colours from the glowing east,
Of Him, whose matchless skill provides them all.
The priest in Israel prefigured well
The great High Priest to come, in latter day ;
Points to the scape goat of a ruined race,
And preaches Jesus in his every word.
*Forth comes a Solomon, with tale of love,
Speaks of the tender yearnings of his heart ;*

Tells how his hand a chariot doth provide,
 With love replete, to take his bride to bliss.
 The holy temple reared, at his command,
 By him provided with the forest's store,
 Exhibits whose almighty power frames
 The holy temple to Jehovah's praise.
 No sound of hammer heard within its wall,
 No axe with noisy blow profanes the house,
 For Jesus forms his living stones, and well
 Provides them, suited to their every place.
 Jehovah mounts, with purest burst of thought,
 His limbs with seraphic wing, and tells his worth—
 His rich provision for rebellious man,
 And points his finger to the certain bliss !
 Daniel tells, provided to declare,
 The day when favour'd Jacob should arise ;
 Counts up the hours, and with voice divine,
 Delivers Jesu's message full of grace.
 At length the moment comes, the bursting morn,
 From Jewish twilight op'ning on the sight,
 Drives with its ray the gleaming shadows forth,
 And marshals all creation to its praise.
 The rising Sun in our Immanuel shines,
 Sweet monarch of the glorious gospel day !
 Counts his effulgent car of saving grace,
 And shews the rich provision of his love.
 He meets the cares of Adam's fallen race,
 Provides the remedy—atoning blood !

Pays from his own exhaustless stores of wealth
The debt contracted, in his holy name.
No draft, however large the swelling sum,
Goes undischarg'd from this providing fund.
No wounded patient, or impoverish'd soul,
Forbidden, weeps in penury and woe—
But, while Jehovah-Jireh lives, shall find,
Provided in his lovely plan of grace,
All needful fulness, and endearing names !
Each precious office and supplying store,
With rich provisions of created wealth,
To meet her every want and grief below.
Nor hath his hand with time's provision ceased,
But having well secur'd the way to God,
In Jesu's rich atoning sacrificial death,
Paid all the long extravagant amount
Of man's transgression. He hath well secur'd
Their certain entrance to glory's state—
His robe of spotless righteousness displays—
Provided title, and enduring claim :
His intercession, as Jehovah's Priest,
Provides a plea, to bring them near his feet ;
This precious medium of streaming life,
For ever cries for guilty mortals sakes ;
Rises like sweet perfumes before the throne,
And claims their certain, their eternal life !
Well might exulting Paul, with holy fire,
~~Ex-~~*aptured cry*, with ecstasy and joy,

“ Oh, the exceeding riches of his grace
His ways unsearchable—cannot be known !”
Nor shall a mortal ever learn their depth.
He well provides a way unknown before,
A holy passage to eternal day :
Becomes himself at once, the first and last,
The mighty substance of the wond’rous whole,
Jehovah-Jireh, God’s providing King !
He finds for nature ev’ry spring of life,
Fills all the sources of reviving food,
And bids creation live, and grow, or die,
As best will answer his provided plan.
To him the hungry beast repairs for food—
The starving birds direct their chirping cry—
Receive their each day’s nourishment from God,
And bring their tribute to his mighty care.
His hand provides the changing season’s use,
Brings from his storehouse ev’ry storm and show’r,
Blows through the forest, and provides for man,
By every day’s revolving scene of life.
Forth springs the corn at our provider’s voice,
Crowning the year—the yellow harvest owns
His sov’reign bounty, while ungrateful man
Too often feeds unthankful on the store.
He bids the herbs spring up, and so provides
A mean of cure for all diseases foul,
Gives to his favourite man exploring skill,
And thus provides the remedy of pain.

But, most endearing, shines his care and love
Amongst his chosen tribes of favoured saints ;
These, full of wounds and bruises from the fall,
Require some physician wise and kind,
Whose skill can penetrate the heart's recess :—
These learn his wisdom by repeated signs,
Prove his providing hand in time of need ;
And as they travel through the desert land,
Depend upon his guidance to the end.
Say ye, whose poverty and sad distress,
Constrain the tear of anguish oft to roll,
Whose keen afflictions bring expiring hope,
Like Isaac's throat, beneath the murd'rous knife—
Can ye not recollect, like him, the day
When these disasters press'd thy feeble soul,
And tell how Jesus in the mount was seen,
Thy rich provider, for the trying hour !
Oh ! hath he not when human props gave way,
When creature idols, broken from thy soul,
Were cast behind thy troubled spirit's back,
Been ever near to solace and relieve ?
Hath not Jehovah-Jireh met thy foe,
Subdued thy mountain sorrow, and prevail'd,
As Judah's Lion, to unlock the truth
Of his rich providential grace and love !
Oh, yes ! the saint below can tell the day,
Can point to Ebenezers on the road—
Exulting tell, how Jesus stood and gave

Sufficient strength and suitable relief.
He bids the ocean's separating flood
Provide a passage for the fearful soul—
Subdues an army with his word of pow'r,
And yields a peace in time of war and death.
The gold and silver are his sov'reign right,
For he, as legal Lord, can claim it all ;
Nor doth the cattle on a thousand hills,
Another owner know than Christ the Lord.
Mourn not, then, ye who boast his saving grace,
Because he holds his creatures from thine hand ;
He merely tells you by his conduct here,
That he will prove the portion of your souls :
Ye cannot serve his great and holy name,
As your providing Jesus, if ye own
A large supply of mammon's golden store.
Rejoice then, since ye call him your's indeed,
That having him, ye all things else possess ;
And bring your cares to him, who loves your souls,
Whose grace provides, and riches can supply.
Soon shall the struggles of a human state,
Forgotten, pass like summer's transient cloud,—
Give place to glory's ever-shining rays,
And waft thy spirit to the realms of bliss !
There stands provided, by thy reigning friend,
A holy mansion for thy ransom'd soul—
Replete with riches, and enduring life.
No rising wave of sorrow there, can swell

The eye with tears, or heave the breast with woe;
For he who well secures their souls the place,
Himself presides their saving source of joy ;
Sheds on the blissful tenants of his realm
Eternal glory in his sacred smile !
And ever living in his church's midst,
Proves his almighty name to endless days,
Jehovah-Jireh, God's providing Son !

Christ the Christian's Brother.

"A Brother born for adversity."—Prov. xvii. 17.

Poor, what is man ! the creature of an hour !
Poor, needy man, that Jesus, Lord of life
And glory—great Jehovah's Son, should call
The dying worm his brother, or his friend !
Oh ! why such grace, distinguishing and great !
Why such unprecedented love as this ?
Had he displayed his glory, and remained
What he by nature stands, his creature's Lord,
He then had manifested patient love.
But when Jehovah's darling claims the name,
The covenant character, and precious work,
Of elder Brother of his chosen race,
This depth of fond affection must eclipse
The name of master, and include in one,
All the rich offices he ever holds.
Here, Oh my spirit, claim him as thy friend
Above the possibility of change—
Thy heavenly Father's favourite, to whom
He gives the management of all his house.
He, dearest Brother, watches o'er thy soul,

Regards the household wants and quick supplies—
Stands like his lovely type in Egypt's land,
And overrules the famine by his might.
Did Jacob love his Joseph, more than all
The other sons, his aged heart could boast ?
Did he a coat of various hues compose,
To deck his person, and express his love ?
Oh here he shadow'd forth, in lively lines,
The chosen object of Jehovah's heart—
That precious Son, whose every action shews
Obedience to his heav'nly Father's will :
In whom ten thousand characters of love,
Like lovely colours, or adorning gems
Exhibited, display the Father's choice,
And shew his work of mercy to his seed.
On him the various offices of love, ere time
Began, conspicuously hung, excited envy,
And procur'd him scorn ; nor were his
Brethren, whom he fondly lov'd,
Less cruel or malicious than the rest ;
They, when below he kept Jehovah's sheep,
And watched beside the fondly tended charge,
Sought how with wicked hands they might destr
The very Brother born to save their souls !
Oh ! see in Jacob's sons, the murd'rous Jews,
The traitor Judas and his hellish crew ;
While Joseph, kind and inoffensive youth,
Whom no distress could furnish with the crime

the retaliation—meekly goes—
by his kinsman for a foreign slave,
casts forth the lovely Lord of life !
precious Saviour, tender Brother born,
meet the adverse cases of his house,
makes the object of his people's spleen,
by his kinsman—by his brethren scorn'd :
he forbore to tell them of the deed,
bowed his care-worn head beneath the stroke.
Even affliction ! those he fondly lov'd,
whom he travail'd—bore the painful yoke,
sav'd from death—that these should
ours prove, to bind distress and sorrow
round his brow. Yet this he knew before
to be the way—the painful path of
sorrow and woe, the elder Brother of a ruined
world must walk, while passaging his people
through the skies. He met the sore temptations,
endured the sins, endured the scandal and
pestilential storm, which bound him in the
chains of the grave. From thence uprising,
he became direct the King of glory's
ward for the church—receiv'd the mighty
virtues of his name, as God the Father's
beloved Son, and reigns superior
to all the malice of his former foes.
He governs all the mighty kingdom well,
and all Jehovah hear or speak a word,

But bids the suppliant unto Jesus go !
He holds the keys of hell, and ghastly death,
Guards all the royal magazines of grace :
Dispenses as he will the mighty store,
And reigns in splendour as deputed King.
Long had the patient Joseph borne the storm,
Ere Pharoah made him dignified, and gave
The royal government to him in charge.
But God, whose wisdom well displays his grace,
And fits the type to testify his Son,
Had pre-determined all the strange event.
The famine came not, ere the Hebrew wise,
Exalted owned the steward's honoured post ;
Nor could the king have dreamed a night too late,
To frustrate such a wisely-modelled scheme.
Here own, ye reasoners, sovereign Wisdom's sway,
Nor doubt the management of Zion's King,
Who marshals all the produce of his pow'r,
To prove how wonderful his wise designs.
Had Joseph never felt his master's rage,
Nor smarted under an oppressor's hand—
Had Jacob's sons less wicked been, and vile,
The whole deliverance, in after day,
For Egypt's land, and Israel's chosen race,
Had been frustrated, and the whole
Had died. But God presides above a mortal's
Will—and uses creatures for his highest praise :
So sends a Joseph into Egypt's land,

Prepares him for his work and office in
The earth ; and thus delivers all his house
From death. The famine rages in the land
Of bread ; nor can the patriarch his life sustain.
He hears in Egypt yet is needful corn,
But knows not who presides to nourish life.
Oh ! is not this the needy sinner's case,
When sore distress'd for lack of saving grace !
Whose soul can find no corn to yield supply
From nature's fields, where former plenty reign'd !
Doth not the mourner hail the joyful news
Of bread in Jesu's hand, to cheer his heart !
And, though a mighty distance seem to hide
This tender Brother, yet unknown, he goes
With eager feet in search of living bread.
Behold, the very men who sold the lad,
His wicked brethren before him bend—
Know not the lovely Hebrew as their own,
Their saving brother in a needy land.
See, how they prostrate fall before his face,
With humble homage own how very poor,
And near to die, their fainting spirits seem,
Nor guess how much their sorrows wound
The heart of him, before whose majesty
They bend. He hides a moment ! how
His bowels yearn, to hear the sad recital !
Yet delays to manifest awhile
His tender woe, till their repeated calls and

Broken hearts, occasioned by repentance
 For their crimes, strike deep the arrows
 Of afflictive grief, and burst in torrents
 From his pitying eye. But leave the type,
 Ye needy, starving souls, who near to die,
 Would hear the tale of Christ, a Brother's love !
 He stands, and while his broken-hearted
 Seed, his dear relations, prostrate at his feet,
 Declare that nothing, save a certain death,
 Could force them there—he covers with a cloud
 The bursting tenderness that fills his soul—
 Treats them as spies, to gain their ardent
 Prayers—yet weeps at every groan !
 The humble suppliant's sigh his bosom heaves,
 Nor can his precious heart continued, hide
 The swelling torrent of affection there !
 Forth streams the gracious tenderness,
 And bears, with rapid haste, opposing
 Grief and woes, beyond the sight of such
 A favoured band. No keen reflections for
 Their former crimes proceed from him ;
 But, with a Brother's love, he fondly binds,
 Forgets his dignity, and clasps them all
 In rich affection to his royal breast.
 ' Here, ever dwell,' the heavenly Lover cries ;
 ' Here soothe your sorrows, ease your
 Swelling griefs—enjoy a certain resting-place
From care, and bring your needs to me ;

am he, who can and will supply your
souls. Go, fetch thine all, and dwell
in my rule—bring here thy every want,
all ye find too little in my hand
of my house.' He gives them clothing,
dwelling-place, and food of finest sort,
as the King of kings can eat and love !
precious Jesus ! Brother of the soul !
thy household owe their every joy ;
could they ever have survived the fall,
but thy love secured a way to save.
Only but Jesu's can a soul provide,
in the presence of the King of kings :
Joseph, like Joseph, brings his brethren near,
tells his Father what a numerous seed
his provision hath secured from death.
His glories round his lovely brow,
His radiant lustre shining to his praise—
how richly he deserves to be
His pride, and all his people's friend.
His action tells the grandeur of his name,
Will Jehovah let another share
His glorious honours of his chosen Son !
First of all the race, in glory's light,
He ever hold the sceptre, and divide
His every junior son his store of grace.
His other hand shall manage for the King ;
All a royal favour be bestowed,

Which hath not this beloved Brother's seal.
He hath for all the household well prepared
Immortal glories, and enduring wealth ;
Unfading robes of glitt'ring Ophir's store,
And royal diadems, beset with gems.
These, as they rise to years of judgment, he
Bestows, and with them his continued smile ;
But ere to honour's grandeur they arrive,
They must, like him, endure the humble lot,
Learn all his wisdom in their safety here,
And gather knowledge in affliction's school.
Oh ! fear not then, ye mourners here below,
The sad convulsions of a dying world ;
Grieve not because the tribulated way,
Beset with sorrows, still disturbs thy soul !
Remember, Jesus, who exalted lives,
Thy elder Brother in a distant world,
He far exceeds his type in Egypt's land,
For Joseph knew not, ere his brethren told,
How much they suffered in a barren waste ;
But Jesus knows thy every feeble thought—
Regards with pitying eye, and heaving breast,
Thy smallest care ; nor can a shaft destroy
Thy meanest benefit, without his word.
Unbounded love directs thy desert way,
Unfolding mercy for thy wants prepares,
Enduring righteousness thy title stands,
While power almighty leads thee to thy home.

se woful changes, terrors of an hour,
cede the rich abundance of a state
life eternal, and exalted bliss—
r spirit's portion, at thy Brother's side !
robber enters the divine domain—
awful thief can rob thee of thy right :
ere everlasting happiness and peace,
thin thy Father's holy house abides.
well secures the mansion of thy soul,
hile Jesus, Brother of thy spirit, sits
e faithful guardian of the place for thee.
it, then, the royal summons to appear,
rob'd and crowned, in glory's blazing day ;
ed let thine heart regard the coming bliss,
d tell these human scenes, to bring thee on
that immortal never-fading joy, which
all enwrap thee in the fond embrace
Jesus, elder Brother of thy soul !

XI.

Christ the Christian's Redeemer.

"And thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel."—Isaiah xli.

THE sun had risen in the glowing east,
With rich effulgence glitt'ring o'er the plain,
Reviving nature from the gloom of night,
With health and vigour smiling in her eye—
When poor Naomi, with her daughter Ruth,
Returned in sorrow to her native land :
Keen recollection of her past delights,
Her rich abundant happiness and peace,
Preyed on her heart, and bid her sorrows rise :—
When last her city met her aching eyes—
She owned a husband, and embraced her sons ;
But now bereft, she wandered in the land,
Despised, neglected, and afflicted sore ;
Her aching heart no tender friend could find,
Save in her daughter Ruth, a foreign maid,
Whose firm affection soothed her every care.
This lovely stranger from a heathen land,
Forsakes her idol gods, her father's house,
Seeks in Jerusalem a place of rest, and begs
To share the fate of those who serve the Lord.

'hy God be mine,' my mother, she exclaims ;
 'hy griefs my sorrows, and thy way my own—
 ch storm of care tempestuous in thy soul,
 all beat on Ruth its most impetuous rage—
 y rushy couch, and loaf of barley bread,
 all yield (while sweetened by the purest love)
 rich repast and comforting repose.
 ! bid me not, like Orpah, leave thy breast,
 force my broken heart from thine embrace ;
 r peace can only in thy land for me
 pand its wings upon my troubled soul.
 e little knew how great her latter end,
 r once supposed Jehovah was her guide ;
 bile like the youthful saint just newly born,
 e clave with fond affection to his ways.
 e loved Naomi, emblem of the church,
 cause she saw, though wretched and oppressed,
 certain something more to be esteemed
 an all the gaudy riches of Peru.
 is lively pointing to a saving friend,
 hen agonizing griefs distress the soul—
 is knowledge where redress and peace
 found—in rich abundance marks the
 urch of God, however poor and empty in herself!
 e, though in Moab, well remembers HIM,
 no only can befriend her awful state—
 haste arises, and with tears returns
seek a place of rest in Jesu's smile :

Nor shall the maiden, whom her conduct draws
 From scenes of riot and continued crime,
 Be disregarded by the God of love ; for he
 It is who gives the thought, and perfects the
 Design of seeking peace in his appointed means.
 These small beginnings of the work of grace—
 These rays of rising morning on the soul—
 Are certain harbingers of noontide light,
 Which shall in glory's fulness gild the day.
 So when the morning star's imperfect ray
 Sheds on surrounding nature feeble dawn,
 It straight declares, with certain voice, the noon,
 And proves the herald of the rising sun.
 The lovely Ruth, impelled by grace divine,
 Which like the day star's ray she scarcely knew,
 Comes seeking in her mother's house a friend,
 A tender kinsman, to redeem her life.
 And did she find the rest she anxious sought ?
 Did grace and favour guide her youthful feet ?
 Did she, attentive to her mother's voice,
 Receive the full reward of all her pain ?
 Oh, yes ! beyond the utmost power of thought,
 Her state among the daughters of the Lord
 Exhibited his tenderness and care,
 And stamped eternal honour on his name.
 No wealth remained of all Naomi's store,
But, lacking bread, she bids the maiden go
To gather barley in her kinsman's field.

Ere as she picks the scattered ears that fall,
 Distinguished from the rest, a stranger, she
 Attracts the master's eye and tender heart :
 He learns the sad afflictions of her state,
 And bids the reapers strew, at his command,
 Some handfuls more on purpose for the maid.
 Oh see, ye gleaners in Jehovah's field,
 Himself beneath the type he here displays.
 Say, have your souls with poverty oppressed,
 Been found as gleaners of his gospel bread ;
 And hath he not, the monarch of the land,
 Thy nearest kinsman, though unseen by you,
 Bestowed some grain on purpose for thy need ?
 Say, hath he not beheld and met thy case,
 Employed his servant to dispense thee life,
 And saved in secret thy expiring hope ?
 Oh, yes ! this dear Redeemer of thy soul,
 This near, this tender kinsman of his bride,
 Forgets not, while she gleans among his sheaves,
 To scatter that which must relieve her heart ;
 Commands his servants to invite her near,
 To bid her dip her morsel with the rest :
 Nor suffers any to forbid, or chide the simple
 Gleaner of his harvest grace. Come, then,
 Ye poor and needy, come and fill your
 Laps with grain of purest whitest kind—
 Nor fear repulse ; for if ye come, like Ruth,
 Without a creature refuge in despair—

His mighty grace hath drawn you to the field.
 He overlooks his harvest day by day,
 Observes the stranger, while his loving heart
 Melts with compassion at the mourner's woe.
 Each day the Moabitish damsel came,
 Gleaned in the circle of his chosen race—
 Gained confidence and peace, till lo ! at
 Length the wealthy Boaz owns her for his bride—
 Redeems her from her wretched state of debt—
 Pays all the price himself, and fondly claims
 The name of kinsman—mighty to redeem.
 She, well rewarded for her duteous love,
 Becomes a mother 'midst the chosen tribes :
 Brings to Naomi happiness and joy,
 And dwells in honour, blessedness, and peace !
 Regard in Boaz, then, your saving Lord,
 Ye seeking daughters of Jehovah's love ;
 Ye who can scarcely see the reason why
 Your spirits anxious thirst to know his name—
 Continue seeking, like a blessed Ruth,
 Nor fear the trials ye must surely bear ;
 For he who owns thy kinsman's lovely name,
 Will have the glory of his holy work, nor share
 His honours with another Lord.
 Oh ! learn the grace, the majesty of love,
 Which made Jehovah-Jesus own thy soul—
Provided, ere thy keen distresses came,
A glorious kinsman, mighty to redeem.

He, ever faithful to his sacred word,
 And full of wealthy requisites to save,
 Came down to earth, and paid the dreadful score.
 Yea, though his life the awful price became,
 And flowing torrents of the deepest woe,
 With grief and sorrows marred his holy form,
 And drenched his spirit with oppressive pain—
 Yet, Oh ye ransomed ! he the conflict bore,
 Sustained the poignant smart—received
 The cup of fury from the Father's hand, and
 Drank the dregs to set his people free.
 Jehovah saw, and with approving look,
 Beheld the great transactions of the Son—
 Burst forth in highest praises of his skill,
 And bids all nations worship at his throne.
 His own rich store of endless love and grace,
 Found all the cost attendant on the work,
 Paid each enormous catalogue of crime,
 Nor once upbraided those for whom he bled.
 What mighty riches grace his royal state,
 And gild the splendour of his holy name :
 He pays the utmost mite his chosen owes
 And shews by rising from the gloomy grave,
 How free from blame the people are in him.
 This precious sacrificial offering once
 For ever cancels all the sin and blame,
 The sad pollution and continued crime,
 The church elect assembled can commit.

On his dear head their every sin confessed,
 Finds rich atonement, while his streaming love
 Bedews the soul, and gives the conscience peace.
 He flew, expressive of his will to save,
 Bid justice take her due, and sheath her sword
 In his dear side—but let the flock go free.
 He laid his glorious robe of heavenly light
 Awhile aside, and veiled his brightest beams
 Of blazing Godhead in a robe of clay—
 Walked here below, the kind redeeming friend
 Of guilty man—yet found no human worm
 With sympathetic feeling share his grief.
 Brutes offered more their honours to his
 Name, than did the guilty race he came to save :
 Yet, fixed and fired with the heat of love,
 His eye beheld the end of all his woe ;
 Glanced through the evils he as Surety bore,
 And felt the joys of future perfect bliss.
 Down to the grave the Saviour bowed his head,
 Dwelt in the cavern, till his full discharge ;
 Then bursting forth in gospel form, he stands
 The first-born Son of all Jehovah's seed,
 The saving Kinsman of the church elect.
 No charge assailed the risen Saviour's ears,
 Though forty days he travelled here below,
 Displayed his spiritual form, and told
 To all his own disciples of the deed.
No band against the Saviour rose, or

ed to bring a single word of charge to soil
 name.—His resurrection, a receipt in full
 all demands, declared him free,
 his beloved saved for evermore !
 royal testament of love and grace,
 te with needful blessings to his church,
 made, ere death demanded him his prey.
 is sacred document enforced he holds,
 d acts executor himself, to do
 at first he promised should enrich their souls.
 rein he furnishes their every need,
 plies with royal dainties day by day,
 d costly wine their never-dying souls :
 gospel fulness crowns the rich repast—
 during robes of grandeur for his bride,
 ought by his hand, emblazoned with his name,
 d fit to grace the marriage of the King.
 wrapped in these she claims a royal seat
 i Jesu's throne, and triumphs in his grace ;
 a, shines more glorious and divinely bright,
 an spotless angels round her kinsman's throne.
 ever lives to dress his chosen queen,
 o feed her richly, and adorn her brow
 ith splendid jewels from his costly stores :
 ese glitter to his praise, and while she falls
 w at his feet, admiring his grace,
 e casts her crown of glory at his feet,
 d owns his power to redeem and save !

Abundant mercy, springing from his heart,
Forgives her deviations from his will,
Dries every tear that would bedew her cheek,
And bids her find her all beneath his smile.
Say then, ye sinners, deep in moral debt,
Whose fears forbid your boasting in the Lord,
Can ye, among the glorious sons of light,
Distinguish one who can at all compare
With this exalted Kinsman of the soul ?
Oh, no ! he reigns without a rival there,
The highest honours of the holy train,
Less called upon to sing than man below,
Resound to his exalted glorious name ;
They learn his worth, by observation's power,
And glorify his majesty of love ; yet, never
Claim his bosom as their resting-place of love ;
This for his bride he tenderly reserves ;
Nor can another rob her of the rest,
Since love immutable hath fix'd the deed—
She, like to Ruth, shall reign his future bride—
Share all the glory of his royal state—
Partake his splendours, and with joyful soul
Spend all eternity to sing his praise ;
While ransomed millions joining in the song,
Shall make the blissful regions ever ring,
With Jesus, the Redeemer's holy name !

XII.

Christ compared to a Roe.

“My beloved is like a ROE or young hart.”—Cant. ii. 9.

SWEET Song of songs ! by inspiration given !
Rich revelation of the King of kings, in
Love's attractive characters and grace !
This grand epistle from the God of love,
Contains a fulness of the sweetest cheer,
For souls permitted to unlock its charms.
Here no intruder takes the children's meat—
No formalist can comprehend in full
The glorious meaning of the hidden line.
At this most exquisitely spiritual tale,
The world, uninterested in its word of grace,
Pours forth its malice, and denies its worth ;
But saints, however simple or unlearned,
Read with delight this message from their Lord—
Interpret fully its important line,
And shout, exulting in Immanuel's love !
There forms selected, characters sustained,
The most endearing by Jehovah's Christ,
And best adapted to relieve the heart of
Each desponding subject of his love !

The wealthy Solomon, employed to tell
This mighty message of redeeming grace,
Sought round creation's fabric once, to
Find a settled resting-place below the skies.
All human arts, all nature's beauties,
Chosen to remove distress and grief,
He fully proved were far too mean, to form
A solid bliss for an immortal soul !
"These (cries the monarch) will not suit my heart-
Vanity and soul-vexation well depicts
Them all :—yet, I behold in all creation's round
A sweet undying, and a bliss divine ;
While with my spirit I behold my Lord,
My soul's beloved, in his handy work ;
Each stately tree reminds me of his form,
Excites my song of admiration, while I
Make comparison of Him to all the
Wonders of this lower world of sense.
Yon bending bough, with richest clusters filled,
Reminds my heart, from whence refreshing
Streams of choicest wine were pressed
To cheer my soul ! The lovely lily, spotless
In her dress, whose rich perfume and
Situation 'midst the cruel thorns, declare
My precious Lord's humiliated state,
When he descending took his place below !
*Each blushing flower, but mostly Sharon's
Rose, claims every power of human thought*

To seek Jehovah-Jesus in the garden's scene.
Here can my heart enjoy a bliss divine,
Free from the cloying venom of the fall ;
While every recreation I partake, pourtrays
In some faint shadow Jesu's name.
The bounding roe, in symmetry of form,
In graceful attitude and sprightly mein,
May aptly shadow my redeeming friend,
Whose nimble feet came skipping
O'er the hills of sin's pollution, to embrace
My soul ! The little roe, fit object for
The chase, owns no familiarity with man :
He, far too fierce to gain its peaceful heart,
Receives no confidential traits of love.
She flies the haunts of infamy, and dwells
At home, and peaceful in the circle formed,
By strong sincerity and mutual love,
Her lovely limbs adapted well for flight,
Bound o'er the mountains to escape the shot,
Which cruel mortals level at her head.
Sweet beaming innocence and beauty shine,
In concert in the little creature's face,
While strong affection glistens in its eye :
No terror furnishes a just pretext to leave
The tender household of the female's care—
She braves the storm, and still enduring,
Stands the arrow's point in union with her young.
She forms no friendship with another race,

Nor mingles with the neighbouring tenants
Of the plain—but lives alone in sweet
Domestic peace. She guards her progeny
With anxious care—protects their feeble
Heads from every foe, and wages warfare
With the serpent tribe, whose spite molests
Her tender infant train. She hates with
Perfect hatred all the herd of scaly monsters,
And in eager hastes, pursues o'er hill
And dale ; throughout the desert searches
Till she finds the dwelling of the hideous
Beast of prey ;—nor will she leave him,
Till provoked he comes, drawn by the breath
She from her nostrils pours, and combats
With her for the victor's prize. The conflict
Long and painful she sustains, and always
Conquering, devours in haste the poisonous
Reptile. When fatigued and spent she lays,
Nor dares to drink, till nature aids her case ;
But soon as time restores her feeble health,
And quick digestion rid her of her spoil,
She drinks, and quickly cheering hastes away.
Kings own what delicate and costly meat,
The hunted roe can furnish to its lord :
These haste the inoffensive creature hard,
And through the desert often press the chase,
While lack of water, whose refreshing stream
Would fit the sufferer to bear fatigue—

ts strength, and fills it with distress :
l a crystal current handy glide,
it will sniff the cheering gale—
redoubled vigour to the wave,
ing in defy their utmost rage.
ye seekers of a precious Lord,
nterpreters of nature's tale,
no blade of grass in vain can shoot,
weed neglected cease to speak—
equire no human books to learn
name, but see it lively writ
twig and leaf in nature's field—
in every animal and bird
ng delineations of his name—
and overlook the simple roe,
r virtues, and acknowledge too,
can picture in her work and ways,
ly Lord, who owns exalted worth !
not the fairest of the fair—
d for his beauty, grace, and skill,
shovah's most exalted works !
ot endless glories on his brow,
test excellence of grace and love,
g streams o'erflowing from his eye !
in his dear face divinely shines
g affection of his loving heart,
mly fix'd upon his chosen race,
s mixing with a sinful world.

He holds his princely dwelling in their midst,
Dispenses life and love in every glance ;
In tenderness presides their careful friend,
Nor suffers any to invade their right.
He dwells upon the hills of sov'reign grace,
And forms his resting-place of certain love ;
Nor can convulsive storms deprive his heart
Of this provision of eternal pow'r.
His family alone enjoy his care, and feel
The mighty benefits of such a friend—
While sinners cannot share in smallest part,
The bliss and comfort he for them provides.
He, like the roe, was hunted sore by man,
While here below he tabernacling dwelt,
And fought incarnate to redeem his church !
Fierce human hunters chased him day
By day, and followed hard to press him
Unto death.—He found no peace among the
Cruel herd of sinful mortals, yet endured
Their utmost scorn and rage, to serve his own.
These, safely shielded from the shaft of death,
Enclosed at home remained, while Jesus
Bore the dire fatigues attendant on the chase.
No cheering rivulet the Saviour found in
All this desert land, to slake his thirst,
Or aid his soul to bear the awful work :
But, like the panting hart, or hunted roe,
He anxious sought a brook wherein to plunge,

Nor sought in vain, for God his Father gave
The Holy Spirit to support his soul, and cheer,
By frequent draughts of precious love divine,
The gasping Surety of a ruined race.
He found the scaly monster, who opposed his
Church, and dared him to the fight: pursued
Him through the most intricate paths,
Endured the monster's utmost hellish rage,
And bid him pour his malice on his head.
To save his chosen people from his sting,
He fought and conquered, though the conflict's end
In death's arrest—confined a few short hours
The mighty Victor over sin and hell !
He, like the roe, refused to drink, till he
Had fully saved his progeny from death,
And swallowed all the poison due to them !
Oh ! was not this affection's strongest act !
Say, did not Jesus manifest his love to those
For whom he held his character of grace—
By hating, and destroying by his pow'r
That hideous monster, filled with hottest rage !
He found the cooling rivulet, and drank,
When sins malignant venom had, in death
Digested, from this dear redeeming Lord :
Herein he plunged, and, with the living stream
Received new life—no more to meet a foe.
*He sends his gospel, aptly shadowed forth
In streams of breath, and by it finds the*

Haunt of cunning Beelzebub in human form.
His holy word discovers who are his, and tells,
By certain evidence, the serpent's seed,
Whose spite and malice must exerted rise
Against the word of him they truly hate.
These rage rebellious at the royal seed,
And shoot their poisoned arrows round them still :
Yet, Oh ! delightful truth, can never slay
The soul who owns Jehovah's hunted roe ;
For he hath once in battle overcome, and now
Presiding reigns and manages his foes !
These know how useless, and presumptuous too,
The daring insolence of all their ways—
Yet act from sin's impelling rebel rage,
And reap eternal sorrows by the deed :
While his beloved seed, his chosen race,
Find sweet protection from his holy arm—
Enjoy familiar intercourse with him,
And own his friendship certain and secure.
These royal favourites partake the feast—
The rich provision of his flesh and blood !
Oh food divine ! Jehovah owns its worth,
Yet mortal worms are suffered to enjoy
The splendid treat, the dainties of the King !
This hunted roe provides them meat indeed,
Whose living nourishment imparting life,
Can give the soul who eats eternal peace,
And satisfy the cravings of the heart.

Here, then, my soul, since mighty grace divine
Hath seized thy faculties, and fixed thine eye,
Behold in this sweet simile of love,
Thy best Beloved, thy redeeming Lord ;
Yea, seek him ever where he may be found,
Nor dare to hope his lovely presence, where
His word forbids thee to expect his form.
Search not in human schools of art and pride,
For he, who is the whole creation's Lord,
Needs not the simple trappings of a worm,
But shews himself apart from creature aid,
In sweetest forms, and most endearing names !
Oh ! grasp no other bliss below the skies but this,
To seek thy Lord amidst creation's sweets ;
Nor shalt thou strive in vain, for lo !
His pencil infinitely glorious, draws
His own rich form in every simple flower,
Nor can a stone be unemployed in praise.
Yet these inanimate and dying things,
But faintly shadow such a lovely King !
His heavenly person, far surpassing thought,
Exalted climbs beyond a seraph's eye,
And leaves the diligent, however wise,
A never-ending task of praise and love :
But warrants, while it cannot be explored,
The chosen sinner's highest warmest power.
Soon shall *the shadows* which surround his face,
Departing flee, and his beloved church

No more require these depicting tales,
But basking in the full meridian day
Of his sweet smiles, and never-ending love,
Behold him face to face ! Then shall the
Soul, who searching here below, beheld some
Glimpses of his royal form—cry, this is He,
Of whom in yonder vale I fondly learned ;
Yet not the smallest half of his majestic
Grandeur and his grace hath yet been told—
Nor shall my tongue forget the darling theme
Of his enduring grace, while ages infinite .
And endless roll !

XIII.

Christ the Christian's Friend.

"A FRIEND of publicans and sinners."—Matt. xi. 19.

SWEET Sovereign of my spirit's inmost thought,
Whose kind control rescues my feeble soul,
With all its weakness, from the jaws of death :
Thy precious name, my ever faithful Friend,
My lovely Lord, and Prince of endless peace,
Excites my every power to speak thy praise !
My heart rejoices in thy covenant love,
Which saved from sin's malignant sting
And death, by acting on this lower stage of life
That tragic character—the sinner's Friend !
Oh ! who can tell the mighty worth and love,
The fond affection, and the grace extreme,
The lasting patience, and the bounteous hand
Of this dear Friend of such a needy race !
Ye sneering Jews, who, while he dwelt below,
Poured out your malice at his works of grace—
Ye little thought when thus reviling, ye
Ranked him with publicans and sinners vile,
That *this* would furnish, to his rising seed,
A *precious* feast, whereon their fainting souls

Would gladly fare, and bless the Maker's name !
This precious title of Jehovah's Christ—
This tender name, becomes the foremost gem
In that imperial crown he ever wears.
From this sweet source increasing songs arise,—
For who can own a friend so truly dear,
So wise, so just, so faithful, and so kind,
As this Almighty Saviour of the church,
And yet refrain to testify his worth !
His sovereign love, the root from whence
His friendship sprang, can never know a change,
But, like himself, the same unaltered spring,
Can never fail to be to all his race,
Exactly suited to their every need.
They, ere disgrac'd by sin's defiling power,
Were freely chosen as his future bride—
Betrothed, accepted, and his fond embrace
Encircled in himself this chosen queen,
Beyond the possibility of future blame,
By taking on himself a Husband's charge,
With all responsibilities and debts,
His sovereignly loved exalted church
Should by her mutability contract.
His eye omniscient saw the mighty end
Of all the wondrous whole mysterious plan ;
He knew what mean would best display his love
*To her, on whom his fond affections ran—
And thus became her all for future need.*

Oh ! here was love in all its best array !
Here depths unsearchable of grace abound !
Here heights of wisdom rise beyond the thought
Of poor blind creatures of a human race !
But our Immanuel, our redeeming Lord,
Concentrates in himself the mighty round
Of all Jehovah's actions, will, and ways.
He, in the covenant, stands the head elect
Of that stupendous monument of praise—
The ransomed church—their Surety, Brother,
Husband, Saviour, Friend—their best Beloved,
Their Redeemer—He their Life, their Light,
Their glorious Sun and Shield—yea, every name
Jehovah's wisdom could in grace provide,
He, though he knew the mighty cost, assumes !
Here then, ye followers of the Lord of life,
Ye humble worshippers on Zion's hill,
Behold the reason why ye may rejoice !
Oh ! think how great, how excellent, and wise,
How tender, faithful, and extremely kind,
Thy ever-living, thy eternal Friend !
Say, ye distress'd in this sad vale of tears,
Where sorrows every changing moment rise—
Where woes unutterable beset the soul—
Oh ! say, have ye, while travelling here below,
Found 'midst the thorns of barren nature's field,
That best of boons—that gem of mighty worth—
A sympathizing partner of thy grief !

Hast thou in life's gay morn, when smiling rays
From fortune's cheering sun illumed thy day,
And, in the pleasing scenes of gaudy wealth,
Found many tinsel friends, whose glittering forms
Cheated thine eyes, and twined about thine heart ?
These, like the busy painted lovely fly,
Whose varied hues and fluttering haste deceives
The simple child, and leads it to the chase,
Will hold their beauty, and be active still,
While summer's sun with warmth and vigour shines ;
But, should a sudden storm, a thundering peel,
As oftentimes occurs, becloud thy skies,
The changing scene will drive the gaudy worms
From thy society, and bid them hide
Till such tempestuous tumults shall be o'er.
These cannot live in friendship's lovely form
When winter's frost and snow benumbs the soul,
These are but counterfeits, though washed with gold—
And will, if never used, remain the same,
But cannot stand, like solid gold, the fire.
Yet, here below, sweet friendship may be found,—
Yes, sovereign tenderness and certain love,
In noblest form among the sons of men,
For much my spirit owes the cheering balm.
Oh ! how endearing does a friend appear
Whose constant heart, when deepest sorrows swell,
*Admits no change, but, like a place of rest,
Becomes at once thy shelter and thy peace.*

re love, the basis firm on which it stands,
st be intensely on its object fixed ;
a, so immutably and firmly placed,
at no distressing season can procure
cause for separation and disgust.
burst of anguish, no bereaving storm
providential misery and woe,
n change the heart whose work demands the name
lovely friendship ; for, in very truth
state but that of need, no place but grief,
n know the meaning of a precious friend !
re, then, my heart, thy noblest effort bring,
y highest burst of gratitude bestow,
r thou canst testify the pleasing truth,
at there are still in sorrow's darkest day,
me sympathizing and relieving souls,
ho like the perfect metal stand the fire ;
a, shine more brightly for the furnace heat.
t these sweet harbingers of peace and joy,
hose every accent brings the spirit ease,
e still the creatures of Jehovah's pow'r.
: who demands the incense of the heart,
ill never share his honours with a worm ;
bids the hand of death, or human change,
ar from the mourner this his dearest prize,
or spare the idol of his fondest thought !
bond, *however sacred*, can secur
one short moment longer the delight,

Because the Bishop of thy spirit knows,
What best will serve the interest of thy soul !
Yet, Oh ! my soul, if such an earthly friend,
As he who feels thy woes becomes so dear,
How should thine arm, with ecstasy and joy,
Enwrap the friend of sinners in thy soul,
And shouting, tell how wonderful his love !
He, rightful Sovereign of thy fondest thought,
Demands thy every fleeting breath for praise !
Oh ! see the depths of his surpassing love,
Ye needy poor, for he can know no change,
Though his beloved spends her every grain
Of creature wealth—and, more than that, becomes
Defiled and guilty too as well as poor.
She, in her Adam-standing with the rest,
Possessed a little fortune of her own—
And, drest in lovely innocence and grace,
Attracted admiration and delight :
But, simple, mutable, and foolish Eve,
Soon found a fiend too mighty for her pow'r,
Whose base insinuations quickly seized
Her every thought, and ruined all her seed !
Oh ! fatal moment—yet her dire disgrace,
Her bitter anguish, and her awful crimes,
Can never turn her heavenly Husband's heart,
Though he must pay in blood the mighty debt !
His love immutable abides the storm,
Yea, flaming forth more dazzling is seen,

And proves a sacred wall of fire round
His feeble friends in this distressing state !
She broke the royal laws, the sovereign rule
Of great Jehovah's word and strict command ;
And Justice drew against her feeble soul
The flaming sword of justice for the deed :
Forth steps the saving Lord of all her peace,
Whose holy name surrounding hosts adore,
While all creation rests upon his word.
This tender friend reminds the awful Judge,
Of his unbroken covenant love,
And bids the fiery law, and vengeful sword,
Take at his hand its most enlarged demand.
Here, then, was love, ye empty, boasting friends,
Who shrink when fortune frowns, and sorrows rise—
In our Immanuel contemplate the power,
The mighty pow'r, the exceeding wealth,
The boundless ocean, and the strength of love !
The Father smiling on the glorious height
Of heavenly grandeur in his darling Son,
Lays by his sword, and strait beholds in him
The church, as glorious and holy too !
Yea, far more lovely than at first she was,
Because in this, her rich almighty Lord,
She boasts a never-failing righteous friend,
Who though himself the glorious Lord of life,
The great Jehovah, the creation's God,
That he might well express his wond'rous love,

His sovereign friendship and endearing grace,
Stoops from his glorious throne above, and comes
To this polluted dwelling-place of worms,
Drest in the flesh his sons and daughters wear!
But why this strange mysterious depth of love !—
Say, Oh ! ye sceptics, why this grand display
Of friendship never-ending and extreme !
Ye, who with scoffing rage, and scorning sneer,
Despise his name, as did the Jews of old,
Ye never knew the savour of his grace ;
Your hearts in sordid dust and sin enclosed,
Behold no beauty in a saving friend !
A healthy man, the dear Redeemer cries,
Needs not the healing remedy or cure.
The rich, whose costly stores from day to day,
Provide their lives with luxury and ease,
Disdain to beg ; and if a friend were found
To offer them assistance, they would cry—
Away, ye insolent, we never were
In bondage yet, for we can free ourselves !
Not so the destitute and needy soul,
Whose dire diseases fret his peevish heart—
Whose fever burning in his vitals, needs
The hand of some physician to relieve.
Souls, like the woman in the days of old,
Who having spent their very last poor mite
In search of freedom, and without a hope
From human nature, now are like to die—

These hail the news of Jesus as a friend,
Whose work of love alone can save the soul,
And fly to him as to their only hope.
He, tender sharer of their every woe,
While tabernacling here below, endured
Excruciating pangs and trying griefs,
That his beloved might be saved and free.
Long had Jehovah's slumbering sword of wrath,
Due to rebellious mortals' daring sins,
Been sheathed—when lo ! the solemn hour arrived,
The awful moment when the flaming tide
Of vengeance bursting, had deluged the church,
If her almighty friend, and only rock
Of sure defence, had not exalted stood
Her saving Surety and atoning Priest !
Who else but Jesus would or could have saved !
What other arm but that, whose potent nerve
Upheld a sinking world from certain death,
Could in this trying juncture suit the case
Of feeble nature 'neath a broken law !
He our deliv'rer, owns the wealth of
Godhead fulness, which exhaustless store
Alone, could furnish a sufficient fund
Of needful holiness to pay the debt.
He, glorious Lover of a fallen queen,
Whose vile polluted rags disgraced her form,
And strange corruption mastered human skill,
Stooped down to earth, the gloomy prison,

Where the captive exile from Jehovah's face
 Confined and wretched, wallowed in the mire ;
 Oh ! could a seraph's thought have e'er conceived
 A plan, so full of highest richest grace,
 So grand and exquisite—replete with love—
 Methinks astonishment had fired his songs,
 And heaven's arches echoed with the name,
 Of this profoundly tender friend in need—
 ' Father,' he cries, ' behold my wealth and fame,
 Regard my righteousness in her behalf ;
 She, deep in debt, shall in her Surety pay,
 The utmost farthing of the whole she owes.
 Bid all the law's demands be taken here,
 Bring forth the utmost of her grievous crimes—
 Say but the price, and I will surely yield
 The certain fulness—satisfaction pure.'
 Down to the earth he came, a suffering man,
 With sorrow covered, with distresses filled,
 Dwelt poor and pennyless below, and gave
 His store of wealth to her he fondly loved.
 Say, vaunting world, or fashion's fainting slave,
 Where shines a friend's most lovely burst of grace,
 When doth thy needy heart's embittered pang
 Require attention and relieving care ?
 Oh ! is it not when luxury and waste,
 Have torn the last resource of gold away—
 When, ruined by thine own detested sins,
A prison's gloom alone can prove thy seat,

A dungeon certain waits thy want of wealth,
Will all the tinsel complimentary herd,
Of butterfly acquaintances, be found
Flocking around thee in the trying hour ?
Will these, so busy in the days of joy,
Become the soothers of an aching heart,
Or lend assistance to a ruined friend,
When love alone can stand in purest form ?
Oh, no ! the soul who will not share in crime,
Whose love regards not luxury or gold,
Whose faithful heart disdains to foster ill,
Will never alter for a storm of woe—
Hypocrites alone will fly the heaving breast !
Think not to find, poor soul, with grief oppressed,
In sorrow's vale a multitude to save ;
Hope not on earth, where counterfeits abound,
To meet in human form that richest gem,
But very rarely in the gloomy scene.
But should thine eye among the tinsel herd,
Distinguish, though concealed by ore of flesh,
That beaming ray from pure affection's sun,
Reviving friendship, balm for human woe,
Oh ! seize the mortal, bind him to thine heart,
And never doubt in future day his love,
Since he hath borne the fire of distress,
And proved himself to be of purest gold.
But this delightful jewel faintly shews,
The love immense, unsearchable, and free—

The grace and splendour of Jehovah's Christ—
For HE, who is by right the sinner's Judge,
His rightful Lord and King, becomes for him,
The traitor, doomed to pay the subject's debt.
What love of human heart would die to save,
The best of fellow-sufferers from pain :
But should a creature meet the stroke of death,
To save his friend, he could not shew the love,
The strength of love, which in Jehovah dwells ;
Since he for his beloved people died,
While yet they hurled their curses at his name.
HE, unprovoked, endured their hateful crimes ;
Stood while they buffeted his sacred form—
Remained unmoved amidst their daring rage—
And meekly painted, in his righteous life,
His love unaltered, and enduring grace,
That truly difficult, that best of parts,
A faithful, tender friend in time of need !
He took her sins, and in his body bore,
The host innumerable of murd'rous crimes ;
Bid justice seize him as its lawful prey,
And let the feeble sheep be ever free !
Forth came despising herds of wicked Jews,
His own dear household, and reviled his work ;
Hunted the holy Lamb of spotless life,
And spent their malice on his sacred head !
Oh ! bitter pang, requiring Jesu's love,
To bear unmoved, when those he fondly loved,

For whom he suffered, wept, and groaned, and bled—
Spat in his face, and bound a thorny crown
Around the brow where royal grandeur shone,
Till laid aside, to serve their needy souls.
Yet this he bore, nor once a murm'ring word
Of keen reflection, or retorting grief,
From his beloved lip could once be heard.
He stood the victim of Jehovah's wrath,
Condemned to bear the hell to sinners due,
And trod the wine-press by himself alone,
Without a single breath of human aid.
Forth came the traitor with a murd'rous band—
The Saviour knew for what the crew were come ;
His holy soul well understood the task,
For he had learn'd to do Jehovah's will.
From his majestic eye the Godhead shone,
Struck to the earth the hellish band of death ;
Yet, as the Surety of a chosen race,
He goes to meet the utmost of her woes.
Well might the guilty Pilate fear his pow'r—
Well might he wish to 'scape the certain charge
Of having crucified so great a King—
For he could see, by his minutest word,
That grandeur dwelt upon his lovely name !
But Jesus knew 'twas not the daring Jews
Who could have nail'd him to the painful cross,
Had not his own redeeming love preferr'd
The work of friendship for his chosen queen !

This certain point engross'd his every thought ;
This sure salvation of his potent arm,
Became his soul's delightful meat and drink,
And made the dungeon a desired rest.
No arm but his could thus have wielded well
The Spirit's sword against opposing hosts,
And thus have conquered by the mean of death,
The mighty millions of condemning sins !
Here shone his splendour as a wealthy friend—
Here blazed his grandeur as the Sovereign Lord
Of all the earth, who only could redeem.
No single item left unpaid remain'd—
No sin escap'd the paying Surety's eye—
For he demanded justice to produce
The mighty whole, nor ever more to bring
One single charge against his people's name.
All hell attended, joyous to behold
The grief and agony of the Friend of Man !
Hoped with infernal malice to destroy
His holy work, and bid its largest force
Assail on every side Jehovah's Son !
Amazement paralyzed the heav'nly host—
These ceased their anthems, while the
Saviour hung, the suff'ring Surety, on
Th' accursed tree. Man only boasted,
While his loving God, regardless of his crimes,
And full of grace, thought only how
To save for ever his beloved flock.

Alk no more of friendship here below,
Ole worms of human race and vile,
his stupendous theme no more belongs
tal tongues, but claims the holy fire
venly ardour from the Holy Ghost,
Alk of such a strange mysterious tale.
Oh! ye heavens! listen, earth! and learn
y of saving from the curse of law.
t the friend of sinners borne the smart,
y had spent its years in vain,
ig torture on a trait'rous world,
ld not then have spent its legal strength,
ed the debt from guilty mortals due.
en Immanuel, the sinner's friend,
r substitute for polluted worms,
out his sacrificial spotless life
ms of love, in anguish on the tree,
justice took its whole demand,
d abundant payment in his blood;
ve a full receipt for all the debts
ople owed, for whom the Surety died!
r fulfill'd, no more exerts its pow'r—
r its thunders, and becomes the friend
e for whom the Lamb of God atones.
ge unseen, forgotten, or to come,
is to hold the church in death's arrest;
sdom infinite presiding sat,
ed overseer of the whole,

Produced the catalogue, receiv'd the sum,
Gave the receipt, and with a look of love,
Cried—"It is finish'd!" as he left the scene.
Say, Oh! ye wretched, will not this dear sound
Excite a thrilling ecstasy of joy?
Can ye remember such a faithful friend
As Jesus, and forget his dying words?
Oh! is not human friendship buried here!
Proved but a bauble in its noblest dress,
And stamped with insignificance, to him
Whose love unchanging bore such depths of woe—
And yet remains the Friend of sinners still!
His lovely limbs enrob'd in sweat and blood,
Torn by relentless mortals' murd'rous hate,
Present the mournful soul a witness true
Of love and friendship, far beyond compare,
And furnish matter for the highest praise:
While, like a mighty conqueror in death,
He gain'd eternal glory and renown,
By overcoming all his num'rous foes,
And bruising Beelzebub's detested head.
Triumphant Victor, see him glorious rise!
Clad in immortal beauty's fairest robes—
Crown'd with the diadem of endless praise!
The everlasting, saving, faithful Friend,
Exhaustless wealth his boundless stores display—
Vast mines of riches, far exceeding gold—
Gems more resplendant than the favour'd east,

all its grandeur ever can produce,
in the storehouse of his gospel grace !
like a wealthy King, he heaps immense
golden treasures, he designs shall prove
living balsams to the needy poor.
every needful good in fulness dwells,
food, the medicine, and the cheering wine.
through the lattices he shews his face,
tends the Friend of sinners to relieve ;
sees how his provisions cannot fail—
the poor mourner cease his long complaint—
tells the tale of love's enduring strength,
asks him why a tear bedews his cheek.
his faithful steward guards his mighty stores—
no deceitful can deceive his eye,
himself presiding over all,
to the poor, and sends the rich away.
he, the blind, the sorrowful, and weak,—
he, the sore, the impotent, and vile,—
in'd spendthrift of his moral worth,
all the needy, find acceptance here !
his heart with kind compassion beats—
his benevolent regards their call—
his breast remembers well the smart
of grief, of penury and care,
he endured a traveller below ;
heily and suitably secures
the broken-hearted soul a quick relief.

Bring here thy sorrows, poor dejected worm,
 Who friendless roaming seeks a place of rest ;
 Come to the Friend of sinners, and behold
 His breast thy pillow, and his wealth thy store ;
 Ask what thou wilt, his hand will all bestow—
 Thou canst not weary his almighty love ;
 For hark ! his voice in sweetest accents sounds,
 In yonder promise by his Spirit penn'd,
 Come, cries the lovely Lord, ye weary souls,
 Bring here your burdens and receive a yoke,
 Whose name is ease, and bear a burden light ;
 While gospel fulness shall reward thy toil.
 What though a few dark days of human care,
 Or cloudy dispensations veil the skies—
 Shall these, the creatures of a moment, prove
 Of more importance in thine heart, than He
 Whose friendship uses them to prove his love ?—
 Bear all thy weight upon his mighty arm—
 Bring all thy wants and find a rich supply
 In him, who owns the worthy name of Friend !
 See how his finger with minutest touch,
 Restor'd the multitudes, and heal'd the sick ;
 Brought forth the rays of light to mortal eyes,
 And did ten thousand marvels to his praise !
 Look how he stands, the Friend of suff'ring man,
 In every trial which could meet his eye ;
 And tell the soul who fain would find a friend,
To seek the face of Jesus Christ the Lord,

For he has properties to suit the name,
In rich abundance, while his tender heart
Sends forth delicious streams of love and grace,
To cheer the wretch whom nothing else can raise.
Read of his mercies while he dwelt below—
See how a Lazarus, though poor and vile,
Shared in the sweetest feelings of his soul !
Learn how a Mary, full of devils, came
To him, and found in this extreme a friend !
Oh ! hear him bid a sinking Peter come,
And witness how his ready hand extends.
See when the tempests beat, the storms arise,
And swelling billows threaten to destroy,
How quickly Jesus speaks them into peace,
And trust for future days thine all to him.
Look how the precious Friend, fatigued and faint,
Sits by the well, provided by his hand,
Yet asks a drop of water by the way,
And saves the wretch that could refuse the boon !
Lord, what is man ! that he should claim thy love ?
Oh ! what a monster of continued crime !
Yet surely his unworthiness and shame,
Exalts the honours of his lovely Friend.
Whoever can despair of life, and peace,
While such a name adorns Jehovah's brow :
None need, desponding, waste away their years,
Since Christ, the mighty Friend, exalted reigns !

He well hath proved his fond affection firm,
Exemplified his love and grace to man,
And now retains the same exalted name,
Crown'd with eternal majesty of power.
His people's names, emblazon'd on his heart
In lines of love can never be effaced ;
Nor can their bosoms heave the simplest sigh,
Without the Saviour's sympathy and love.
Here through the desert he directs their way,
Leads on their certain march to realms of day;
Goes first, and acts the character of Friend,
To turn the lion from the beaten path,
And clear the footway of the lurking beasts.
Then, since he glories in this lovely work,
Employs his power, and exerts his skill,
Fear not the malice of the envious hosts,
Who fain would intercept thy way to rest ;
He'll never leave thee, or desert his trust,
His holy name can never be defiled ;
And since his holiness becomes the stake,
The meanest mortal may rely on him.
He'll make all nature serve his people well,
Produce them good from that which seems most vi
Shew forth his power, till at length they come
To need no more this chosen mean of aid ;
And death commissioned by its conquering King
Shall break the bars of earth around the soul,

Remove the cumbrous load of cloying clay,
And ope the door to everlasting bliss !
Then, bursting full upon the ravish'd sight,
The lovely Lamb enthron'd shall strike her eye,
And she, acquainted with him here below,
Shall, recognizing him, enraptur'd shout,
This, Oh ye seraphs ! is my glorious Lord,
My best Beloved ! saving, faithful FRIEND !

XIV.

Christ the King of Zion.

“Christ a King.”—Luke xxiii. 2.

YE nations round, whose kings subservient hold
Their crowns and sceptres under Jesu's rule—
Whose princes wait beneath his royal feet,
To learn his pleasure ere they act or think—
Bring near your great ones, boasting in their pride,
And bid them, ranged around fair Zion's hill,
Survey the glories of her glitt'ring state.
Her rising turrets reach the lofty skies,
And from their summits may her wealthy sons,
Behold, in varied prospect, all below—
While earthly baubles to their eyes appear
But paltry rubbish—since within the walls
Of this delightful dwelling of the King,
All sweets celestial and undying grow !
Oh vain pursuers of terrestrial bliss,
Well may ye tire, and fainting, leave the chace,
Since happiness on earth can never more
Take root, or find a spot whereon to shoot
Its heav'nly boughs.—In Eden this delightful
Plant of fair renown luxuriant grew ;

, sin's infection spreading o'er the ground,
 stroyed its root, nor will it evermore
 found, except by those who enter here,
 d through the Sov'reign's decree become
 tizens of Zion, and Jehovah's sons.
 e find the fugitive in Jesu's smile,
 ad bid the heathen nations round them see
 ow rich, how lovely, and how happy they,
 'er whom Jehovah sets this mighty King.
 Solomon, his type, the nations knew
 hovah must have favour and esteem
 Israel's race, or he had never reign'd
 splendid majesty as David's son :
 t Jesus here displays a greater name,
 never-ending glory and renown—
 d reigns the King of kings, and Lord of lords !
 hile other monarchs rise, and fall, and die.
 David's city he erects his throne,
 d while, with sov'reign pow'r, he rightful claims
 e services, the homage, and the lives
 'all created legions for his praise :
 here dispenses to his royal seed his smiles,
 erts his influence in lively forms,
 ears all his royal robes in richest state,
 d every day receives his subjects' prayers.
 herd of wretches vile can guard his throne,
 sordid spoilers rob the needy poor,
 keep petitioners from near approach ;

For all the subjects of this mighty King,
Are objects equally of sov'reign love.
His wisdom infinite secures his right,
And testifies the Father's gracious heart,
In raising up to govern in his name,
So glorious and excellent a King as Christ.
Divine appointment set apart the Son,
(Ere time commenced) as Zion's righteous King
And form'd him in a human shape, to meet
The just description Israel's monarchs claim :
Each, chosen out from Judah's royal tribe,
Must be a brother, not an alien born ;
But, boast the near affinity of blood
To those for whom he executes the law.
No stranger ranked among the chosen race,
Could hold the sceptre for the Jews of old,
For God's command, distinguish'd by its pow'
The future sov'reign, and made him reign.
Superior beauty, and unbounded grace,
Surpassing mortal excellence and love,
In full meridian blaze from Jesu's eye
He, chosen out of Judah's race, becomes
By choice, and every requisite declar'd,
Th' anointed King, the everliving Son
Of David's line—a Prince for evermore !
Immortal glories crowd around his name,
His arm victorious all the nations own,
Undying splendours grace his ev'ry work,

While Zion, built by his almighty hand,
Proves both his wisdom and his wond'rous wealth.
This kingdom shews his all-creating pow'r,
For every subject by his prowess form'd,
Is well adapted to perform his will,
And prove the majesty of his decrees.
Here, on an eminence of saving grace,
Each feeble son partakes his Sov'reign's love,
Nor false deceiver dares approach, to tell
A railing accusation 'gainst the soul.
These favour'd citizens for ever dwell
Beneath the eye, and in the foremost sight
Of their divine Protector from their foes ;
And, basking in the sunshine of his face,
Enjoy the blessing of his courtly smile :
He dearly loves them, and to save them, sits
A reigning Sov'reign—a righteous Judge !
Disposing all events to suit them well,
And making all creation serve their souls.
No servant moves, no atom swerves beyond
The destination of his firm decree,
Or dares, though full of rage, to break the bound,
His word commands, and love ordains
For good. He reigns a monarch, whose
Distinguished name strikes terror on the
Mighty host of hell :—these know the weight,
And daily prove the power of his almighty
Strength, yet work his will—and hourly wait,

Equipp'd for mighty war, to bear some message
To his chosen race.—Oh cheering thought !
My soul would never lose the soothing savour
Of his reigning pow'r, or faithless think
An arm more mighty than her Lord's exists.
For, should the prince of darkness stronger prove
Than our beloved Potentate, methinks
'Twere folly to suppose a saint would gain
His promis'd place of rest beyond the skies.
But grace shall reign in Zion with the King,
And prove his kingdom not to be destroy'd ;
Yea, aided by the rage of ev'ry foe, and safe
Amidst ten thousand legions of distress.
These subjects boast a tender Father's care,
And carry quickly every grief to him,
Who sits upon a throne of grace, to save,
And quick relieves the sorrowful and poor.
Kings here below disdain the needy soul—
These hold their courts of wickedness and pride,
Beyond the reach of misery and woe :
But know, ye monarchs, 'tis a sov'reign's right
To know and feel his people's every sigh—
To hear their voices, and permit them all
To bring in person their petitions free.
Here should a mortal's life demand the grace
Of entering in before the royal face,
The wretch must die, unless some lord be found
With favour deck'd, to bear his case before

The king, who ought to be his subject's friend,
Not so our lovely Jesus, King of kings !
Whose mighty name surrounding angels praise :
He makes his throne to answer to its name—
A seat from whence relieving mercy springs,
And kindly sits to hear the simplest tale.
Round him his ministering servants stand,
And learn, by his compassionating grace,
The sacred meaning of the name of King !
Oh ! lovely title, when in righteous sway
A mortal even owns the splendid name !
But how magnificently grand and rich
The glorious nature of Jehovah's Christ !
His condescensions weave his royal robes,
And richest gems, created by his love,
Encircling his divinely glorious brow,
Proclaim how near of kin to every soul,
Who owns his rule, the mighty monarch is.
Oh, yes ! his sons and daughters only dwell
Beneath his eye, and privileged partake
His table's bounties, or his cheering grace :
Each moment they with intimacy bring,
As to a tender Father, all their cares :
Ask his divine direction, and commend
Their every way to his approving choice.
He hears their feeble prayers, and smiling, cries—
“ What is thy request, my fair one, say ?
My kingdom stands to furnish thy desire,

And all that kingdom shall be freely thine."
He shews them day by day his royal robes,
And cheers their hearts with tender favour, while
His table spread prepares a rich repast.
The choicest viands grace the splendid board,
And being freed by Jesus of the curse,
Can never cloy, though feasting—every guest
Should spend eternal ages in the work.
Oh! here is bread of whitest sort and sweet—
Unleaven'd bread, on which the chosen feed,
With sweetest honey from Jehovah's Rock—
And luscious grapes from lovely Eschol's land.
Here venison furnish'd by the hunted roe,
Refreshes Zion's eaters day by day ;
While tenderest lamb, without the bitter herbs,
In Jesu's presence they receive and eat.
The fatted calf may also here be found,
With every fruit the heav'nly Canaan yields,
To suit the appetites of hungry souls :
The richest wines the golden goblets grace,
And cheer the guests around the royal board ;
While they in drinking prove its pow'r to raise
Their drooping spirits, and the louder sing.
Yet well they know their Sov'reign's right to rule,
And govern every subject by his laws ;
Nor can another nation know the righteous code.
One people separate from all are these,
Favour'd to own a never-dying King, while He.

Exerts his pow'r, and models for their use,
And strict observance every just command.
The nations round this favour'd city, own
How wisely govern'd and how peaceful here,
The meekest subject holds his sacred home,
But cannot pry within the city's wall,
Or climbing enter the divine domain.
No fiery law of terror and dismay,
From this sweet Prince proceeds, for he can rule
With strictest equity by sov'reign love.
His gospel proves his every precept firm,
To rise in strong affection to his church :
These laws divine he makes his chosen keep,
Guarding with jealousy and strictest care,
The smallest act he bids his people do ;
And strait annexes to his royal code
The penalties attendant on their breach :
While rich rewards of love and grace pourtray,
Like jewels round the necks of duteous
Children, who his kind commands obey.
He bids them walk in certain paths of love—
Shew forth his praise in his commands of grace—
To bear each other's burdens, and secure
His smiles by acting in his sovereign fear.
Where would his honour shine without a rule ?
How could he reign and govern like a King ?
But must he use an old and broken law,
For lack of wisdom to invent a new ?

His radiant brow, and conquers by a smile!
He sends his messages of love and grace,
By those alone who understand the theme—
These, highly favoured, lean upon his breast,
Learn tenfold beauties as the moments rise ;
And, filled with joy at such displays of love,
Bear, like their heavenly King, continued scorn.
Oh ! guilty mortals, who despise their word,
Illtreat their persons, and abuse their work—
Their Master reigns, and will your deeds repay,
For he is jealous of his royal name.
His ministers who daily plead for him,
And shew his justice in his lovely ways,
Must ever share his tenderness and care :
Nor shall a tongue against them ever rise,
But that which he will overrule for good.
Surrounding nations hear his splendid deeds,
His hard-fought battles, and enduring strength ;
Learn how he conquered, and, subduing still
His every foe—a mighty Victor reigns !
Yet, unacquainted with his loving heart,
They rail at such magnificence and pow'r,
And hurl their malice at his righteous name !
This glorious King in holy grandeur reigns,
No sin disgraces his unrivalled state,
Justice and judgment dwell around his throne,
And sacred truth maintains her empire there.
He executes his law, and gives rewards,

Their scourging sorrows to reduce their pride.
Yet long he often bears their trait'rous ways,
And turns from anger, till his eye perceives
The moment suited to display his power,
Then with his own dear hand he deals the blow,
Or holds the arm of those who vex his Son ;
Nor can a morsel more than needful grief
Be poured upon the weeping sufferer's heart.
This yields him fruit, and makes him truly loathe
The refuges his folly sought before ;
Stamps, too, eternal dignity and worth
On the sweet conduct of his Sovereign's love.
His servants round, arrayed in royal robes,
Exemplify the grandeur and the wealth
Of Zion's reigning King :—each in his post
Attentive waits, with loyalty and fear,
Receives the high command, and quick obeys.
These fly immediate with his word of grace,
To each depressed or sadly wretched saint—
Shew forth their royal Master's work of love—
Tell of his victories—exalt his name !
Inspired and aided by his grace divine.
He sends his gospel in his servant's hand,
Replete with mercy and good-will to man ;
Calls home his rebel sons, who, long estranged,
Know not the mighty wonders of his love :
Restores backsliders from his holy fear,
Shews through the lattice of his preached word,

Or find a sanctuary in the Lord of life.
Their bliss with time must end, and fully tell,
Too late, the awful tale of certain death ;
While those who serve Jehovah here below,
Endure the heat and burden of the day,
Fight in the battles of the King of kings,
Shall reign victorious at their Monarch's side.
Those happy souls who long have gained their seal
Enjoy the constant beamings of his face—
Forget their sorrows in the tide of bliss,
And shout increasing honours to his name !
They feel no more the cruel thorn of woe,
The spear of malice, or the storms of time—
But perfect, in the holiness and love
Of Him, who saves his citizens from sin,
Remember nothing to afflict their souls.
So shall each servant rise above his grief,
Share in the fullest burst of glory's light,
And bask for ever in his Monarch's smile !
Yet ere he can to certain rest depart,
He must endure the soldier's painful task ;
Strive with the enemies of Zion's King,
And conquer through his royal Master's name.
Soon shall the heathen own his right to sway
The sovereign sceptre of their every land,
Bend round his throne, and gaze upon his face,
With minds enraptured from the lovely sight—
Bring to his feet their tributes to his praise,

And crowding, press to learn his mighty grace !
These, long inured to slavery and sin,
Shall well admire the glories of his name,
Desert their former trade of shedding blood,
And beat to pruning-hooks their murd'rous swords,
No more the clangour of the noisy drum—
The sound of war's destructive voice shall cease—
And nation linked with nation change employ,
From brute-like bloodshed to improving toil ;
Peace over all its soothing banner spread,
Reared by the conquering King on Zion's hill,
And plenty, sweet companion of the maid,
Shall shed her blessings on the barren waste.
Beneath his rule the wilderness shall bloom,
Bring forth and blossom, like the gay parterre ;
Rich spicy odours fill the passing breeze,
And bear their fragrance through the favoured land ;
Uprising springs and cooling fountains grace
The parched heath, where once the weary sought
In vain the smallest rill to cheer the way.
The beast no more shall prowling seize his prey,
But lose his wild ferocity, and lie
In peace—and harmless with the infant feed.
No more the serpent's sting shall here be found,
Or wounded patients smart beneath his fang,
For Christ, the reigning Monarch, shall destroy
All sin and sorrow in his rich domain.
Then shall the seasons, each rewarding well

The hand of industry, in autumn yield
Rich harvest stores ; nor shall the fiery steed—
The huntsman's courser, tread the ripening grain :
But well supplied, the world shall bow the knee,
In man's original and certain bliss,
The praise of him who ever reigns a King,
Dispensing liberty, and love, and peace.
His glorious victories shall fire their songs,
Yield never-ending anthems to his praise,
And prove the rich reward of all his saints.
Till then, ye mourners, gird the armour on,
Nor cease to fight beneath his banner raised ;
Soon shall your sorrows cease, your tears be dry,
Your foes all conquered, and yourselves at rest.
The certain morning to the night succeeds,
Bringing to nature light and cheering day ;
So shall the sunshine of eternal life,
Burst on the soul emancipate, and move
The gloomy horrors of the night of time —
Shall introduce the suffering saint to Christ,
His reigning Monarch, and his rightful Lord !
There, crowned with victory, and fed with love,
Whose ocean-fulness in Jehovah dwells,
Eternity shall witness to the bliss
Of every subject of the King of kings !

XV.

Christ the Christian's Physician.

"PHYSICIAN, heal thyself."—Luke iv. 23.

DEAR reigning Prince, exalted King of saints !
What depths profound of forethought, grace
Thy plan of love to save a ruined seed,
Whose souls infected by the filth of sin
Require the renovating aid of such a Christ !
Here, well adapted by experienced skill,
HE, kind Reliever, in the circle stands
Of sin-sick souls, to heal their every sore,
The covenant Physician of their souls.
Full well his wisdom knew, before it came,
The deadly sickness of his royal race,
The foul infection, and the lep'rous state
His lovely bride would enter in the fall ;
So, like a wealthy Lord, procures direct
A wise Physician to restore her soul,
Nor trusts th' important task to other hands,
Than those whose mainspring is unchanging love !
He, therefore, takes another precious post,
To serve his church in this endearing name.
His mighty wisdom forms the source of health,

Or find a sanctuary in the Lord of life.
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Too late, the awful tale of certain death ;
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And conquer through his royal Master's name.
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Strive with the enemies of Zion's King,
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The sovereign sceptre of their every land,
Bend round his throne, and gaze upon his face,
With *minds* enraptured from the lovely sight—
Bring to his feet their tributes to his praise.

Convenient, when his bitter fang may tear
 The feeble leper with remorse and pain.
 Yet, Oh ye sufferers ! a Physician lives,
 Whose understanding reaches to the soul,
 Whose mighty prowess in the gracious work,
 Has gained Jehovah's highest burst of praise,
 And well secures the needy sinner's cure.
 To him with all thy soul-perplexing case,
 In eager haste, ye agonized, repair !
 And he will hail you as he sees ye come,
 As his beloved, and your sorrows heal.
 Fear not that thy distressing case shall prove
 Too difficult or vile for him to meet,
 For he hath cured, by his almighty pow'r,
 The vilest wretches of the race of men.
 Say, does a raging fever daily burn,
 With growing strength, and parch thy inmost soul—
 Thy fainting life just ready to depart—
 For lack of some prescribing skilful friend
 To bring thee medicine suited to relieve ?
 Oh ! Jesus lives, and holds in his dear hand,
 A certain cure for sin's malignant rage—
 His precious blood, once sprinkled on thy soul,
 Shall prove its efficacious power to heal ;
 One draught of water from this living spring,
 Shall satisfy thy thirst, and quench it well.
 Strange means he uses to effect his cures,
Mysterious processes his hand employs,

Or find a sanctuary in the Lord of life.
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Too late, the awful tale of certain death ;
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With minds enraptured from the lovely sight—
Bring to his feet their tributes to his praise.

He fills the soul with loathing of itself,
And so beginning lays foundation sure
Of certain, perfect, and undying health.
HE never heals before the poor distress'd
Has sought in every school of human art,
The peace his spirit needs—but these deceits
His mighty wisdom uses to prevent
The seeking heart from trusting in
The flesh by any means for health and cure.
One way alone, ye sad deluded souls,
Whose weary feet have sought some other road,
Hath been concerted to redeem the soul ;
This way is Christ—in whom the needy have
In rich abundance, health, and peace, and grace ;
All other paths will prove ere long to be
Stopped up impenetrably by Jehovah's hand ;
Yet here he suffers to display more fully
His divine and soul-relieving power,
Thy labouring mind to seek for help and life ;
But loves thy ransomed soul too dearly far,
To suffer its continuance long in such deceit,
And therefore bids the very way ye choose,
To fail—and demonstrate its worthlessness,
Torture extreme, (when with the nicest care
Thy hands have plastered o'er the wound of sin,
And proudly fancied, since the noisome smell,
By reason of a pressure on its mouth,
Hath ceased a day or two to vex thy soul,

That therefore it is cured)—severest pang,
 It bursts the linty bandage from its rage,
 And pouring forth a streaming noxious pest,
 Kills all thy fancied holiness and worth ;
 Yea, foaming over every springing flower
 In grace's garden, leaves a barren waste,
 Where not a single shrub or tree can live,
 But, precious faith, that evergreen of life !
 This, though impaired and weakened by the shock,
 Proves everlasting, and amidst the storm,
 Just now and then reminds the heart of Christ,
 Who heals all manner of diseases free.
 This flax divine illumined once by grace
 Shall never, while Jehovah-Jesus lives,
 Be unsupplied with fire from himself ;
 But while the tide of heart-corruption poured,
 And fraud Satanic beats against its head,
 It shall endure, and still survive the whole :
 And why—Oh ! 'tis eternal life by Christ supplied,
 Which planted in the soul must there abide,
 The chief commander of Immanuel's force.
 Against the train of Beelzebub and death,
 This little voice divine in secret cries—
 Arise, and go to Gilead's healing Friend,
 Oh ! speed thy way, nor let thy wretched state
 Be longer hidden from his curing eye !
 The sufferer answers in despair and grief,
I cannot go !—my every sinew drawn,

By sin's infection will not let me walk ;
 My feeble hands so palsied are and weak,
 They cannot do the least to shew my love.
 These jaundiced eyes behold no prospect near,
 No glimpse of hope, no ray of cheering light ;
 But, sadly blind, I grope the passing hours,
 Yet find no morning to my troubled soul.
 This tongue that once could boast in Jesu's name,
 And tell to others of his lovely face,
 Dares not, since sin has so deceived my heart,
 To say one single word, lest he in anger,
 For such daring crimes, should strike me dead.
 My mind, which every moment blessed his name,
 And fondly dreamt of holiness within,
 Hath by this sad transition ceased to think
 Of every theme, except the wretched cause,
 Which hath destroy'd my every hope of life.
 Here in my heart ten thousand sins abound,
 A legion too of fiends provoke the Lord,
 No source of holiness remains to cheer,
 By thought or word, my almost dying hope.
 Oh ! drooping saint, these caustics will procure,
 In thy Physician's hand, the best of boons ;
 He oversees and stops thy mean attempt,
 To make a resting-place below the skies :
 So straight destroys with tenderness and skill,
 The every paltry trimming of thy soul.
Say not, he cannot love thee through the whole,

For these distresses prove his highest care :
 He takes no trouble with a boasting world,
 Nor checks at any time the bastard's pride,
 But scourging every dearly-cherished child,
 He saves his spirit, and secures his heart.
 What depths of wisdom mark his mode of cure !
 What simple means display his mighty skill !
 Each prop, on which the ransomed soul
 Would lean for life eternal, changed into
 A spear, becomes the probe to fathom
 To the core the bubbling spring and source
 Of filthy sin—while he presides,
 The tender, sympathizing, righteous Lord,
 Of all the creatures which distress the soul—
 Points out their work, and anxiously beholds
 Their every movement, till the whole be done.
 Then sweetly whispering, his Spirit comes,
 And tells the listening, fainting soul, the news
 Of HIM, whose office, in the work of grace,
 Is the Physician, to restore the soul.
 Faith gains new vigour from the fanning breeze,
 While every breath the Holy Spirit brings,
 Revives its strength, and points it to its source.
 Here, then, the helpless meet with all they need ;
 The weakened hands receive redoubled strength ;
 The feeble knee, which lately trembling failed
 To execute its office, now partakes
 The life-restoring, renovating power,

Of that sweet stimulating oil of grace,
 The balm exuding from Immanuel's love,
 And firmly bears the task to it assigned.
 The eye diseased, and darkened sight receives,
 Beholds in clearest light the orb of day,
 Perceives the mystery of saving grace,
 And looks to Jesus for delight and peace;
 He opens too the ear, and with a word
 Unfolds the majesty of gospel love,
 Heals all the deafness of a nature state,
 And bids the certain sound of his dear name
 Be ever welcome—while the rant of law,
 Or creature-excellence, no more can charm.
 Thus circumcising by his mighty power,
 The ear and heart, he lays foundation firm
 For future understanding of his word :
 The guilty conscience hears of Jesu's blood,
 Yet dares not plead it, till his gracious hand
 With tender promptitude, bestows the stream—
 Here, sweetly bathing in an ocean free,
 All sin's defilement sinks beneath the tide ;
 This sea invigorates the most infirm,
 Yea, here the dead receive new life and peace ;
 No sore too foul, no plague too prevalent,
 No crimes too numerous, no guilt too deep,
 To be beyond the power of cleansing blood.
 Here sin's pollution sinks no more to rise,
Nor can the host of hell, with all their craft,

Bring up the guilt in this dear ocean drown'd.
 Oh! richest fountain, here my soul can come,
 Here only find a plea before the throne;
 Here, too, a draught aperient take,
 To cleanse away the foulness of the mind.
 Join thou the song of spirits saved,
 Who daily need, and hourly prove its worth;
 Yea, sing of blood while here below ye dwell,
 And plunge beneath the dear refreshing wave,
 When hard pursued by sin's envenomed host,
 For 'tis a fountain ever full and free.
 Oh! kind Physician, what a healing balm,
 From thy dear wounds hast thou in mercy
 Poured to heal and save!—Love sweetly
 Bound thee, and endured the smart,
 But never will or can divulge its worth,
 Or fully praise thee for the sovereign cure.
 But unbelief, with impudence extreme,
 Like an undying leprosy remains,
 Uprising dares the very blood of Christ
 To cleanse the soul, and with a hellish spite
 Diffuses sorrow o'er the guilty mind.
 Here pride unseen, consumes the spirit's health,
 And manifest decline destroys the breath;
 Each word of promise by the fiend denied,
 Proves no real nourishment, though seized
In eager haste, and quickly eaten by the
Hungry soul.—Forth steps the great Physician,

And prescribing, sends by some commissioned
Servant of his choice, a strengthening tonic ;
Some rich doctrine, strong with love,
Where sovereign favour and electing grace,
Abounding shines—the thievish crew
Perceive their efforts frustrate, so conceal
Their guilty heads awhile, till future
Opportunity arrives to furnish room
For more Satanic fraud ; yet this—
Oh ! this vile monster, is a creature still,
And dares not shew his face when
Jesus, as Physician of thy soul,
Brings thee his own rich flesh and blood,
Whereon he feeds thee, and supports thine heart ;
He, filled with kind compassion too, relieves,
Unlike all others, without price or fee ;
His boundless stores of personal wealth provide,
The vast expenditures of every soul ;
He sends away the man who brings to him
The paltry tinsel of a human worth—
And tells the healthy, as he told the Jews,
That 'tis the sick alone will value cure.
Whoever comes to him, must bring in faith
The sterling merit of Jehovah's Christ,
And shewing his dear work upon his heart,
Cry for his mercy, in the gracious name.
This penny every labourer receives,
Yea, though he travail but a second here,

In Jesu's vineyard, shall possess the same
Rich gospel penny, as the soul who bears
The heat and burden of temptation's day,
For one salvation only he reveals, and
That is Jesus, in a covenant made
Of God the Father to his chosen church ;
Salvation, righteousness, and wisdom too,
Their all for time's necessities and woes,
And all their glory in the realms of bliss.
Fear not thy poverty, poor needy soul,
For 'tis the best preventative to pride,
The root of sweet humility, and shews,
By being contrary to Jesu's wealth,
The mighty fulness of his gospel stores.
His condescension fits him for his work,
And forced him from his highest throne,
To tabernacle here, and learn the woes,
Each suffering follower could bear below ;
No long fatiguing journey lies between
Thy great Physician and thy sickly soul,
For he continually goes about,
As when on earth, to do the needy good,
And heals all manner of diseases foul !
He knows thy case, before thy feeble tongue
Can gain the pow'r to tell him of thy pain ;
He makes thee sick, that he may fully heal .
Thy deep corruption and perplexing grief.
Take courage, then, ye desperately vile,

Or he delighteth in the matchless grace,
 Of curing those, whom no physician's skill,
 Besides his own, could furnish with relief.
 These worst of rebels own his mighty pow'r,
 And tell to others what a healing friend
 In Gilead dwells; how provident his love—
 How gentle, kind, and sovereign his grace—
 None having him can ever die, for lo!
 No deadly poison can injurious be;
 Nor serpent's bite, or scorpion's sting inflame,
 Beyond the healing power of Gilead's balm;
 Or spreading leprosy defy his skill.
 He plainly told, by every day's display
 Of healing mercy, while he dwelt below,
 How much his heart delighted to relieve!
 Oh! see the sufferer, drawn by dire disease
 Almost to death, who could in no wise
 Raise her feeble frame, and miserably poor,
 Come crying after him, when, lo! a touch
 Of him restores her whole. The blind
 From birth, the wond'ring Jews behold,
 Receive their sight, and own the mighty pow'r
 Of this Physician to produce a cure—
 The lame foregoes his crutch and leaps,
 His Maker's worthy praise; while even
 Those whom death had seized, and
Promised firm to hold in his arrest,
Rise up, and glorify, with acts of life,

The all-creative power of Jesu's voice.
 These wond'ring trophies of his favour,
 Stand as monuments to testify his grace,
 And help the faith of others to rely
 On his Almighty arm for needful life ;
 While others shew, in lively forms, how great
 He is—the devils hear his voice, and
 Know the sound :—these, beg his clemency,
 And ask of him not leave to stay, when
 His command expels—but that the swine
 May reap the dire effects of their expulsion.
 These, though they hate his name, express
 His mighty worth, and cry, “ we know
 Thee who thou art—the Holy One of God !”
 He heals a Lazarus, corrupt in death—
 Looses his bands, and bids him go in peace !
 The raging fever owns his mighty power,
 Subsides, and quickly hastens a retreat.
 No matter what disease the people bring,
 He heals it gratis, and immediate too,
 While deepest wounds dry up, and firmly heal.
 The high priest's servant, witness for the truth—
 Displays his loving heart to cure his foes,
 While he received a perfect free relief.
 But who can doubt again his curing skill,
 Since Peter's broken heart received
 A certain healing from his gracious care !
No pang so dreadful, no afflicting smart,

Can give an explanation full and clear
Of that distressing grief, a broken heart !—
Here all diseases fail to paint its pangs—
The seat of anguish—ever voiding woe,
Pressing its bitters into every sweet,
The God of nature pours upon the soul.
No blessing yields a source of peace or joy,
Because the tide of grief for ever flowing,
Bears it down the stream with ready haste ;
Yet this disease, whose power no human
Skill can counteract, Jehovah-Jesus cures ;
He takes away the cause of grief,
And gives a new-made heart of softer sort ;
Less like the flinty rock, a melting
Fleshy heart, and so relieves his friend.
Oh ! grace unsearchable, and love extreme,
Thy sovereign virtues shall for ever last,
A certain remedy for rising sin !
Nor shall the dire infection rise to reign,
Since this Physician lives, and daily tends
His chosen race. But each day's medicine,
Bitter, and severe in operation, on
The patient's frame, shall prove how well
Selected every needful drug and poisonous
Herb to mix the nauseous draught ;
Yet not an atom more of poison shall
Incorporated in the portion be, than will
Be necessary to the final cure :

And while all nature grows by his command,
 The bitter more abounding than the sweet,
 Explains the meaning of the whole ;
 Since he makes use of bitter things to work
 The health and cure of those he fondly loves.
 He knows thy constitution, sickly soul,
 For he at first created thee, and placed
 Thy every weakness where it best would
 Prove to others and thyself his pow'r to save.
 Then why, bold pharisee, affront his name,
 Abuse his power, and offer him thy scorn—
 Why bring thy filthy rags, pollution's
 Horrid self, and dare him to his face ?
 He hates the stench of pharisaic deeds,
 And likens them to filthy smoke and smell,
 Which rises from a dying candle's wick ;
 A loathsome pest beyond his pow'r to bear.
 He never heals such hypocrites, as choose
 To bring their nasty doings as the price
 Of his stupendous costly favour—No !
 But saves the poor, the needy, and the weak.
 Oh ! cease ye sinners, to despise his name,
 Revere his grace ; but hear the scriptures
 Cry, “ If works procure his favour, then
 Salvation cannot be of sovereign grace ;
 For he who worketh gets a just reward,
 And not a favour—since 'tis wages due,
For some performance of his own he seeks.”

But who amongst the saints could ever bring
A holy thought or action from their hearts,
Whose every motion is but evil still ?
Not one ! 'Tis Jesus only can, in human form,
Approach Jehovah's throne, and claim
With truth the name of holy in the flesh ;
And he it is, who, for the church elect
Appears and pleads, yea, now demands,
Since he has healed the dire disease
Of sin in human flesh—the quick release,
Of all his members travelling through
This desert land of sorrow and of sin.
To him, then, Oh ! ye sin-sick, quickly bring
Your every burning cause of anguish, and
Remembering his sweet word of grace and love,
Which calls the heavy-laden and the weary—
Come, accept the glorious invitation,
And with joy behold the tenderness and love,
The rich provision, persevering skill,
And healing medicine of his love divine ;
Till time shall terminate its sickly night,
While health eternal consummates thy joys,
And fills thy mouth with anthems to the praise,
Of Gilead's wise Physician of the soul !

XVI.

Christ the Covenant Nail.

" And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place."—
Isa. xxii. 23.

WITH joy exalted, yet with awe profound,
On contemplation's magic wing, ascend
Above these creature things which court thy gaze,
And be at home, my soul, in converse with thy Lord:
But may thy sin-clad presence not offend
The great Eternal, while, like Joshua of old,
The hellish fiend exulting, cries, behold those filthy wretches!
It would be so, did Jesus not, my sin-atoning friend,
My pleading Advocate and gracious Lord,
Exalted high above the reach of blame,
Reply for me, as for his priest of old,
" This is a brand snatched blazing from the fire!"
O'er whose pollution, shameful as it is,
I, even I, will cast a holy garb,
In which thou mayest, poor guilty feeble worm,
Soar above earth, and fearless hold
Communion with the mighty King of kings.
Then what shall be the burden of thy song?
Shall time be wasted, while ye vainly tell,

The foolish tale of what thyself hath done ?
Shall stupid stories of the things of time,
Employ a tongue, whose every accent should
Extol that Lord, who bought thee with his blood ?
And who with mighty condescension, stooped
To pick from off the dunghill of the fall,
So mean, so wretched, so depraved a worm ?
It cannot be—let crowns and sceptres perish
From thy thoughts, with honours, wealth, and fame ;
Let friends and foes, depressions, griefs, and sins,
Be banished for a while, and rise my ev'ry pow'r,
To celebrate the wond'rous name of him,
Whose voice has power to still the raging of the lowest hell !
Whose word th' angelic host regard immediate,
And with instantaneous flight obey,
Swift and delighted—his divine command.
He spake, we read, and lo ! the swelling flood
Arose at his command—the circling heavens,
His dread abode, stood firm—while earth,
With all the myriads of created things,
The same Divine Original proclaim !
But these are mean, though wond'rous in themselves,
Compared with that sublime and glorious theme,
The plan of man's redemption from his sins !
Here, all creation sinks beneath a thought,
While he who calls himself creation's Lord,
Alone must wear the crown of worthy praise.
On him, Isaiah sings, the cov'nant nail,

Driv'n firm and fast by God the Father's hand,
And fixed and clenched through Deity itself,
May safely hang the numerous vessels of his Father's house,
It matters not how large—their pond'rous load
Can never pull him down, or make him weary
Of his gracious work—and why? Because
Th' eternal mighty God himself it is,
Who deigns to fill the office of a nail,
On which he hangs secure from fear of fall,
The weight and burden of his num'rous house.
On holy Adam, truth declares, was hung
The peace and interest of the human race :
But he, just like a nail in lath and plaster wall,
On which, if weight, however small, be plac'd,
It being driven into tender stuff, will, of itself
For want of hold, more stable and secure,
Give way, and hurl its burden on the ground.
Just so did he, poor feeble, changing man,
Let fall his load, when first his strength was tried ;
So gave occasion for a stronger arm,
Whose nerve no hellish force could ever bend,
Or mighty legion turn to sin and shame ;
Whose heel though bruised, in conflict sharp and long,
Should break the serpent's head, and hurl
The scaly monster to the lowest hell ;
Meanwhile, the same almighty conquering King
As needs must be, to save with ransom full,
Becomes the nail, the useful simple pin,

Which closely joins, and holds secure and firm
The wond'rous building, framed and formed for God ;
Had but a pin been wanted in the house of old,
Which Moses made to pattern, drawn by God,
It had been then imperfect, and for need
Of nail to hold the many parts secure,
Had with the first high wind been blown away ;
The curtains sailing in the moving breeze,
Had loud proclaimed the want of needful thought,
And strait reflected dire disgrace on him,
Who first contrived the well constructed whole ;
But that magnificent and glorious house,
Whose beauty far surpass'd in grandeur, all
The splendid mansions of the eastern world,
Was but a feeble emblematic shade
Of that rich temple, made of purest gold,
Adorn'd with costliest gems, illuminated,
Not with lamps of man's device and plan,
But cheer'd and lighted with th' effulgent beams
Of Him who is the light of heaven itself,
The house of God, built by the Three in One
Of lively stones, and where they each display
Their mightiest acts and deeds of highest love.
What think ye, sceptic, would the God of heaven,
Whose wisdom infinite provides for all—
For lack of proper nail, or needful pin,
Permit his house to fall ? Methinks, if ye
With pouring eyes could find the smallest flaw,

In all his mighty work, ye'd summon up
Th' infernal host to help ye tell,
That puny ignorance had wiser grown,
Than he who formed at first your guilty tongues.
But ye are foiled ; yet know this awful truth,
That he, who in his office as the nail,
Binds safe and sure these gracious living stones,
Is also he, who will, in future day,
Adjudge thy soul, and bid thee quick depart,
And join the crew whom now ye sneering choose ;
While he who hangs on Christ his every hope,
For time, eternity, and life and death,
Shall stand unmoved amidst the wreck of worlds ;
And as a helpless infant hangs secure,
And peaceful on its mother's breast,
Upheld, though weak, and safe, though void of skill,
Receiving there protection, food, and rest,
Itself performs no acts, or even heeds
The dangers that surround its feeble head :
The wind may roar, the lightnings flash,
The storm may beat with tenfold rage,
It fears not all the noise of elements at war,
But unmolested, shrouds its feeble head
Beneath the shelt'ring garments of its shield.
This state be mine, though poor as Job, bereft,
While wise men scoff, and fashion calls it shame—
Be mine to hang upon Jehovah's Christ,
For well I know, no other nail can bear

**The mighty weight of my unnumber'd sins—
Be mine to wear, like him, the thorny crown,
Which mortal worms will bind around my brow—
Be mine to stand and bear, like him, the rage
Of earth and hell, while I may boast a shield,
Whose smooth outside repels with double force,
Th' envenom'd arrow and the furbish'd steel ;
Yea, hurls them back upon the direst foe—
Be mine, as well the sweetly simple place,
Dear Mary chose beneath his august feet,
Till he shall please to bid me haste and join,
The joyful marriage supper of the Lamb !**

These fight and conquer 'neath the banner
Of his love ; yea, meet the force combined,
The triple legion of opposing hosts, and dare
Their utmost rage, since this subduing Lord,
This great Commander, takes the sovereign rule.
Mysterious grace ! the lame shall take the prey—
The blind, the halt, and maimed, victorious
Shout their Leader's matchless prowess in
The field ! while babes gird on the sword,
And take the shield, join in the battle, and
Declare his might who saves, as best
Pourtrays his glorious and majestic name.
His chosen army boasts no human strength—
No skill to manage, but depends on him,
Whose grace enlists them, and equips them too :
He gives them all things needful for the fight,
Yet often bids the alien's hosts assail
More fiercely, to exemplify his own
Increasing glory in the vict'ry gained.
In him they learn, by every combat, dwell
Their strength, their wisdom ! He, their all in all,
Will have the rightful honour of the whole ;
While oft the foe, impetuous for the fight,
Rushes with tenfold vigour, and appears
To rise superior to the royal tribes.
But Jesus, as the God of armies, reigns
Not only over his beloved race, but stands
— as the mighty Potentate, who rules

All hosts and legions by his word of power.
He fought and conquer'd all the strength of hell ;
Subdued the tyrant, death—the monster, sin ;
Put to confusion, flight, and certain shame,
The alien's armies ; yea, victorious rose,
Above their utmost rage, their rightful King !
These, still with hate malicious, dare his sons
Attack—his feeble followers—and feign
Would take them prisoners to hold them fast.
But he who well discerns the foul design,
Invigorates the saints, and while he wills
The certain overthrow of every foe, endures
With much long-suffering their spleen.
These know his name, and understand his pow'r ;
These know his right to govern all their ways.
Man only dares dispute his sovereign sway,
Or offer insolence to such a Lord.
Yet know, rebellious worm—he form'd thee first,
Bestow'd thy faculties, and claims, by right,
To govern and dispose the creature he hath made.
Say, doth not e'en the potter claim the pow'r
Of doing as he will with what he makes—
And while his hands divide the lump of clay,
To suit the purpose he at first design'd ?
Do mortals offer to dispute his right,
To do as seemeth best with what he owns ?
His skill it is which makes one vessel shew

While that with which he takes no special pains,
Remains the simple, common, useless clay,
Unfit to grace the chamber of a King.
Nor shall Jehovah have a minor share
Of right, to do with all created things
As his almighty wisdom shall direct.
He chooses whom he will, and by his grace
Embellishes and fits them for the Master's use.
These splendid vessels testify his might,
While others offer to his sacred name,
Continued insolence and daring rage !
But learn the truth, ye scoffers, who despise
The word of wisdom — 'tis Jehovah's sword —
And he will wield it till the legions fall.
He will command the creatures he hath form'd ;
Nor shall they act beyond his stern decree.
Behold the legions, numerous and vain,
Who join'd in concert to destroy the tribes
Of favour'd Jews, from Egypt's bondage freed.
Did these by numbers overthrow a few ?
Oh no ! Jehovah, Captain of the host,
Secur'd the victory, before the sword
Unsheath'd, began to scatter death around.
Opposing kings, and countless armies rise,
To intercept their way to Canaan's rest ;
But Jesus, Lord of armies, fought and won
The battles of his chosen, while the Jews,
In admiration, own'd his mighty skill,

And testified his power to destroy.
He bids the nations contradict his word,
To shew his name omnipotent, and tell
His legal right to govern friends and foes,
The whole creation is by right his own ;
He claims its honours, and deserves the praise,
Disposes of the whole, as best it seems
Will suit his purpose of redeeming love !
Say not then, Oh ! ye highly favour'd few,
Whose names enroll'd among the royal band,
Proclaim affinity to this great Lord—
That poverty and shame are not your right ;
But rather own the glory of his grace,
Which acts in opposition to the proud,
By choosing poor and mean of human race,
The rich recipients of his highest love !
Oh ! grieve not over your distresses here,
Ye suff'ring soldiers of the cross despis'd—
Remember while the battle's rage ye bear,
Ye cannot hope the blessings of repose.
Leave all the management to him, who plann'd,
Fulfill'd, and executes the work of grace ;
Nor murmur while ye travel here below,
To bear fatiguing hardships and distress.
Oh ! ask not why ye thus in trial dwell—
Nor why the hosts of hell afflict your souls—
Because the *Monarch* best can shew the way :
And since thou hast the favour of his heart,

His love undying, and his arm of strength
Whereon to lean, amidst the battle's roar—
On ! never tremble at assaulting foes.
See righteous Job, the favourite of heav'n,
Tormented day by day by earth and hell ;
Yet none of these, without their Maker's word,
Could move a breath against his shelter'd soul.
The king of fiends himself declar'd the truth,
That his almighty Friend had hedged him in ;
Nor could the power of hell itself prevail,
Without permission to afflict his heart.
Nor can he now, without Jehovah's will,
Distress or harass one of the elect ;
For well he knows they are for ever blest.
No weapon form'd, however vile it be,
Against the saints shall prosper, while their King,
Sabaoth's Lord, the God of armies, reigns !
He bids them stand and see the battle won,
The sure salvation of their needy souls,
And claims the mighty honour of the whole—
Controls the malice of the alien's host, and proves,
By managing their actions, and their wills,
How wonderful in counsel is the King !
No plot, however deep, can 'scape his eye—
No rage Satanic overcome his might,
For he can look a nation into death,
And speak creation into chaos void !
He needs no human aid—no mortal skill ;

No furbish'd weapons, or contriv'd machine,
To raise a city's walls, or slay a host—
But uses means, despicable and weak,
Whose nothingness, and worthless natures, shew
Their insignificance without his word.
A simple ram's horn, by a mortal blow,
At his command the shouting legions see,
Brings down the walls of Jericho at once ;
While Gideon conquers by the simple means
Of acting faith upon his leader's word.
Oh sweetest thought ! no host, however strong—
No mighty legions hold superior pow'r
To our Immanuel, our Almighty Lord !
He leads his chosen through the aliens' ranks,
Whose darts fly thick, and rage Satanic boils ;
Yet brings them safely to the land of peace,
Unhurt, and richly laden with the spoil
Of purchas'd knowledge of his worthy name.
A boasting Peter Satan sought to slay—
Found leave to have him in his awful sieve—
But never gain'd permission to destroy.
He fain had robb'd Jehovah of his prize,
But matchless mercy overruled the whole,
Made the deceiver work the best of ends,
And sav'd the sinner from deserved death.
Cease, then, your sorrows, poor desponding few !
Who find the sad effects of foes within ;
These serve beneath the stern command of Him,

Who dearly loves, and watches o'er your soul.
He could at once extirpate all your sins,
And cause your woes to cease their clamours too ;
But well he knows what best explores his love,
And testifies his majesty of grace.
Commit the keeping of thy feeble soul
To him, who better understands thy path ;
So shall thy latter end, like righteous Job,
Declare how beneficial, though severe,
The stubborn conflict will concluded prove.
These ranting ragers do thy spirit good,
By crucifying that deceiver—pride,
And making Jesus, as the Lord of hosts,
Thy spirit's ALL for every time of need !
His stern command forbids thy lusts to reign—
Claims as his own the empire of thine heart,
And institutes a war with sin and death,
Who reigned before : which warfare
Cannot end till time with thee shall cease,
And thy redeem'd, thy conquering spirit,
Saved from sin indwelling, shall with Jesus reign !
Till then, let his dear name revive thy hope,
Claim all thy confidence, and prove thy shield.
Here run for shelter, while the din of war
Affrights thine heart, and shakes thy spirit's rest ;
For his almighty arm will bear thee through
The worst of sorrows, and securely keep,
Encompassed in Deity, thy life !

He once hath conquered all the force combined,
Which could contend against the royal seed ;
These vanquished, he exhibited and nailed
Their murd'rous armies to his cross in death.
All heaven proclaimed his victories, and cried,
Unanimously shouting, his eternal worth—
“ Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors !
Admit Sabaoth's Lord, the God of Hosts !
For he hath triumphed over all his foes !”
His praise, undying, sounds from pole to pole,
Nor shall it ever cease while Jesus lives—
The mighty King of kings !—the Lord of lords !
Each rising saint, from sin and suffering free,
Shall own his great ability to save—
Enumerate the honours of his name,
And spend eternal ages in the tale.
Once more behold he comes with all his saints,
To burn the world, and new-create the whole :
Then shall ye fully know, ye flock despised,
The mighty splendour of his glorious grace :
Then shall ye face to face behold the Lord,
Whom now, unseen, ye love to seek and bless ;
In his embrace ye shall enwrap remain,
Unclouded, unmolested, and at peace !
Till then endure the utmost grief ye know,
Without repining at his holy will :
*Regard the honour of your reigning King,
As far more worthy of esteem and love,*

Than all the souls his gracious hands have made.
Commit thy way to his superior choice,
Seek unto him at all times, and his word
Hath straight declared, he will direct thy path :
So shall the whole exemplify his power,
While with the hosts of heaven your soul
Shall join, to own Jehovah-Jesus King !
Sabaoth's Lord, and God of armies still !

XVIII.

Christ the Rest of his People.

“Return to thy REST, O my soul!”—Psalm cxvi. 17.

VAIN proves the feast, where mirth and pleasure smiles,
Encircled too by every human bliss,
To him, whose wearied feet, from long fatigue,
And toilsome journeying, require rest.
The drowsy powers of the mortal frame,
Spent with exertion, and impaired by use,
Refuse, for want of strength, to join the host,
And sink reluctant into calm repose.
No matter how enchanting be the scene—
How sweet the music, or how fine the guests—
These well may suit the taste, and charm the eye,
Of less fatigued beholders, but can ne'er
Do more than tease a mind completely tired.
In vain intreaties from surrounding friends—
Useless alike the most delightful strains—
Rest only can and will be found to please
The weary traveller, or care-worn soul.
Shew these the place where ease and sleep may yield
Their cheering, beneficial, useful aids;
Where lone retirement relieves the mind,

And contemplation lulls the weary pow'rs,
 The noisy throng perplexes such a soul,
 As he, whose heart and spirit would enjoy,
 Apart from bustle, a relieving peace !
 The fainting man, when night involves the sky,
 Whose feeble limbs have borne the toilsome task
 Of travelling beneath the noontide ray,
 Seeks some refreshing shelter, where he may,
 Reposing, find a place of rest and ease.
 " Sweet," said the wise man, " is a labourer's rest,"
 Though little food be found his portion here ;
 He sleeps in sweetest certainty, and lies
 Secure and peaceful on the hardest couch.
 Not so the wretched, pitiable race
 Of mortals, who have never learned to toil :
 These know no burdens but themselves, and feel
 No dire fatigue, but such as idle souls
 Must ever know—" the want of sweet employ."
 Man, first created, never needed rest,
 Yet wasted not a second of his time ;
 Each fleeting moment in the work of praise,
 With pure obedience beguiled his hours,
 And left no room for any thing but joy.
 But soon as sin's malignant fever burned
 In human vitals—indolence appeared
 Among the train of evil spirits born,
 In that sad hour of revolting crime !
Fatigue, the produce of a mortal's sin,

Attends each labourer in nature's field ;
Bids from his brow the streaming torrent pour,
Yet leads, through mercy, to the sweetest rest !
Jehovah tells the tale of active zeal
In all his works, and bids the simplest fly,
With busy wing, reprove unworthy man—
Who, though the cause of every curse below,
Finds out a way of indolence and pride,
In contradiction to his Maker's will,
And reigns despotic over all that lives :
Yet pain attends him all his journey through,
However rich, voluptuous, or wise—
The curse entailed upon his guilty head,
In every circle waits to plant a thorn.
Oh happy mortal ! who, with steady eye,
Can look within the veil of heaven, and see
The cov'nant rest provided for the church,
Above the interference of the fall !
Well may Jehovah rest in this delight—
Repose his confidence, and trust his grace,
With sure dependence on this Arm of Strength,
Who claims equality, in fullest form,
With God the Father ! yet declares his name
Jehovah-Jesus, and his people's Rest !
By him secured, they in the arms of love
Divinely rested, ere the changing world,
In ether hung, became their transient home,
This heavenly Husband owned the chosen seed,

And bound them safely round his royal heart.
 Well might they live, while such an arm enclosed
 Their feeble souls, and guarded them from harm;
 Nor could they die, though in their Adam head,
 They falling, merited the just decree
 Of death eternal, and distress severe !
 This wall of strength—this sure defence of grace,
 Shielded their spirits, and received the blow ;
 Presented promissory bills, and gave,
 In time to come, the payment full and free.
 Jehovah rested in the Surety's word—
 Reposed his anger due to mortal crime,
 And bade the sword of justice slumb'ring lay,
 Till the appointed hour of payment came.
 This sacred shield remained the precious bed,
 On which he rested for his glory's name—
 Whereon the law exerted all its strength,
 And proved his valour and his might to save !
 He, sacred Lover of a trait'rous queen !
 Forgot her worthlessness, and only saw
 The end and consummation of his love,
 The bliss eternal of his ravished heart—
 When she, completely saved, should fully know
 The worth and glory of her sov'reign Lord,
 And rest for ever in his blest embrace !
 He left his throne to dwell in woe and pain,
 Took her uneasy place below the skies—
Exchanged a seat of highest bliss and rule

For one of servitude the most severe.
No sweet he found to cheer him in the waste—
No couch of rest, however mean its cast—
A straw-filled manger was his best retreat,
Where horned beasts reposed their weary limbs.
He, heavy laden with a host of sins,
More burdensome than well his flesh could bear,
Bowed down his care-worn bosom to the earth,
And poured in blood the curse from every pore !
No tide of mercy to the weary mind
Of God's atoning Victim gleamed, to cheer,
Amidst the bursting torrents on his soul,
For labour only was his portion here—
That those he loved might enter into rest !
He knew no moment of retired peace—
No balmy slumbers for his watchful eye—
But like a hunted hart, fatigued and spent,
He through the wilderness pursued his way,
Nor stayed to drink till all his work was done.
Well might the earth convulsive heave her sighs !
The dead arising seek the holy place !—
Affrighted nature mourn in sable garb,
While such a resting-place as Christ was made !
Sweet, yet mysterious, salvation's plan !
Sublimest strains exalt Immanuel's worth !
Whose work affords not only God a rest,
From all the thund'ring vengeance of his wrath,
but shelters in this royal cave of love,

Cleft in his own dear side, the feeblest worm,
 Whose trembling footsteps find the sweet retreat.
 Herein concealed, the tenants of the ark,
 Jehovah's household rest in rich delight ;
 Find every requisite and needful peace
 In rich abundance, while their tender Friend
 Enwraps their spirits in a calm repose.
 Here richly treasured dwells enduring strength,
 The battlements of love round the soul,
 Like flaming ramparts, prove a certain guard ;
 And while they burn the stubble, ever keep
 The grain securely free from fear of death.
 The soul secluded here, can find no harm
 From Sinai's thunders—the law hath spent
 Its utmost rage, and vented all its force,
 Upon the shelt'ring ark, whose holy deeds,
 And rich atonement, more than paid it all
 It first demanded—yea, in mending made
 It far more honourable than before.
 No mortal could fulfil the broken code,
 Or render satisfaction for a crime
 Committed 'gainst the pure and holy God—
 Nor can he now, for human nature still
 Remains unable to atone for sin,
 And must for ever die, if found beneath
 The broken law, without a saving friend !
*Not so the soul who, labouring hard to find
 A place of rest whereon to lay his hope,*

Whose weary feet have trodden nature round,
To find a plea before Jehovah's throne—
And hath by his directing finger gained
This precious resting-place of gospel grace :
He enters in fatigued, and worn with grief,
Spent is his strength with toil, beneath the rays
Of scorching sin's malignant fire, while
Law's terrific thund'rings fright his soul,
Till safely lodged within this lovely home,
Where griefs forsake him, and a calm repose
Of necessary rest relieves his heart.
Oh ! fainting traveller, beneath the blaze
Of fierce temptation, tell the sacred worth,
The cool refreshment, and delicious fare,
Of this dear refuge for the needy poor !
Here, when the tempter pours his fiery darts
Around thy feeble unprotected head,
Betake thyself, and find the sweetest peace !
But since thou canst not know the use of rest,
Before thy spirit hath endured the storm,
Thy precious friend, to make his savour known,
Provides thy journey, and directs thy way.
Strait is the narrow path to endless rest,
Between self-righteousness and careless sin :
Extremely difficult the chosen road,
Beset with thorns and sad distressing cares—
Perplexing oft the most experienced saint,
Yet proving to the mind the worth of rest,

Provided at the end, for all who bear
The heat, and burden of the trying day !
The new-born soul just entering the door
Of gospel rest below, presumes that now,
Since Jesu's smile hath cheered and chased away
The herd of accusations raised by law,
The battle's over—and eternal peace
Shall, ever beaming, shed its soothing ray !
The verdant pastures, ere she gains the hills
Of trying dispensations, court her zeal,
And tempt, the youthful footstep to advance.
Oh ! dear delights of childhood's smiling day,
When cloudless skies and lovely prospects bless !
Lavish of health, regardless of the night,
Pleased with the baubles of an infant state,
My heart would fain enjoy again the scene,
Yet not endure the after stages too.
Well pleased, she bounds along the verdant mead,
Culls every blooming flow'ret of grace—
Receives refreshment from the growing fruits,
And soon forgets the day of former grief !
This state, delightful as it really is,
Tells nothing of the glories of the Lord—
Sees not the use of his endearing names—
Nor understands the meaning of his word.
Well stored with sensible enliv'ning food
From gospel love, the child in Jesu's ways
Feeds on the present good, nor thinks or cares

What shall befall when night involves the sky,
But when the glorious Lord of all his house,
Whose wisdom makes the seasons work his will,
Commands the bursting storm, or calls the cloud,
To spread a curtain round his favourite's head—
Forth creep the vermin of the sinful heart,
With every noxious beast of mental sin,
Whose yell terrific, and destructive rage,
Makes the once fertile mind, while Jesus smiled,
More like a forest than a chosen field.
Destructive care, with overwhelming force,
Bears down the former day's delightful scene,
Buries beneath the gloomy shade of night,
The manifested love and certain grace
Of Him, who governs all the Spirit's way.
Here long perchance the feeble mind may stay,
With tempests tossed, and labouring hard to find
That precious boon—that mighty store of bliss—
Whose sweets enjoyed alone can furnish rest !
Oh ! how endearing to such souls as these,
Is Christ, the saving shelt'ring certain Rock !
Whose perfect work till now but known in name,
Can only yield a place of rest from sin,
And give the guilty conscience peace and life !
His streaming love distilling on the heart,
Heals every wound by sin and sorrow made,
And leaves the richest odour to his praise.
This sweet perfume prepares the favoured soul

For ent'ring in before Jehovah's face—
 Gives to the insignificant a claim,
 To spread her wants before the King of kings!
 Who, ever pleased with Jesu's lovely name,
 Cannot withstand the pleading of his blood.
 This voice divine before the throne prevails,
 Brings down the choicest blessings to the church,
 And gains acceptance for the sinking soul.
 No pharisaic pride, or human deeds—
 No creature doings, fasts, or foolish pains,
 By mortals taken, to invent a way
 Of saving sinners, by polluted works,
 Will find the sanction of the mighty God.
 He bids the ceremonial laws give way,
 With all the round of sacrificial rites ;
 Deprives the Jews of all their legal forms,
 Though by himself appointed to pourtray
 The coming glory of this gospel grace ;
 Where Jesus, glittering in human form,
 The rising sun, with healing on his wings,
 Dispels the twilight of a legal state.
 And as he rises in the new-born soul,
 Shines with increasing vigour every hour,
 Till the meridian day of glory tells,
 The glorious majesty of Zion's King,
 And perfect bliss in all its grandeur reigns !
 Cease then, thy labours, pilgrim of the Lord,
 Whose soul in Zion fain would find a place ;

Think not to purchase ease by human means,
 But take the rest Jehovah's hand provides.
 Here enter in, and, like creation's God,
 Leave off thy works, and tell the list'ning world
 How good, supremely so, this glorious rest ;
 For here in Jesus thou canst boasting tell,
 Divinely centers all thy spirit wants—
 Which rich provision to a naked soul,
 Proves that refreshment which the weary need,
 And which no other refuge can supply.
 Oh ! tell the traveller below the skies,
 Whose weary feet would find a shelt'ring shade,
 That Jesus in the gospel sweetly stands,
 Exactly suited to relieve the faint.
 His odorous name can strait revive the dead,
 Can call the spirit from creation's bound,
 And bid it rest upon his finished work.
 Here hath Jehovah, God of heaven and earth,
 In satisfaction rested with delight,
 While sin, which spoiled the produce of his hand,
 Hath never entered this divine domain.
 This rest remains exactly what it was,
 Securely safe for all the chosen race—
 Nor can the malice of the worst of foes,
 Deprive the tenants of its sweet effects !
 Say, then, poor worm, wilt thou despise its worth,
 Or dare refuse it as thy Father's gift !
Since his almighty vigilance and care,

Hath so contrived thy spiritual good ?
Oh ! rather claim it, and rejoicing, cry,
With weary David, in the days of old,
“ Return my spirit to thy sacred rest,
For God hath bountifully dealt with thee ! ”
Let creature things exert their utmost pow’r,
And tribulations burst in floods around—
Let nature’s battlements the rocks remove,
Swept by the mighty torrent from their seats—
Yet shall my soul enjoy a perfect peace,
Enclosed in Jesus, as my spirit’s rest !
Nor shall the fire which consumes the earth,
And melts the elements with fervent heat,
Find entrance here, or bid my soul despair ;
For this eternal Rock secure shall stand,
The chamber where Jehovah’s chosen dwell,
Encircled by his own almighty arm !
Here they shall spend eternity in peace,
Unite their songs to tell His worth and grace,
Who proved their safety in this vale of tears,
And will to endless ages be the REST,
The bliss, and glory of their favoured souls !

THE END.

